Ronald the Simple • Kennedy's Corn • Saving Jews

Morton Kondracke *Garry Wills* *Jacobo Timerman*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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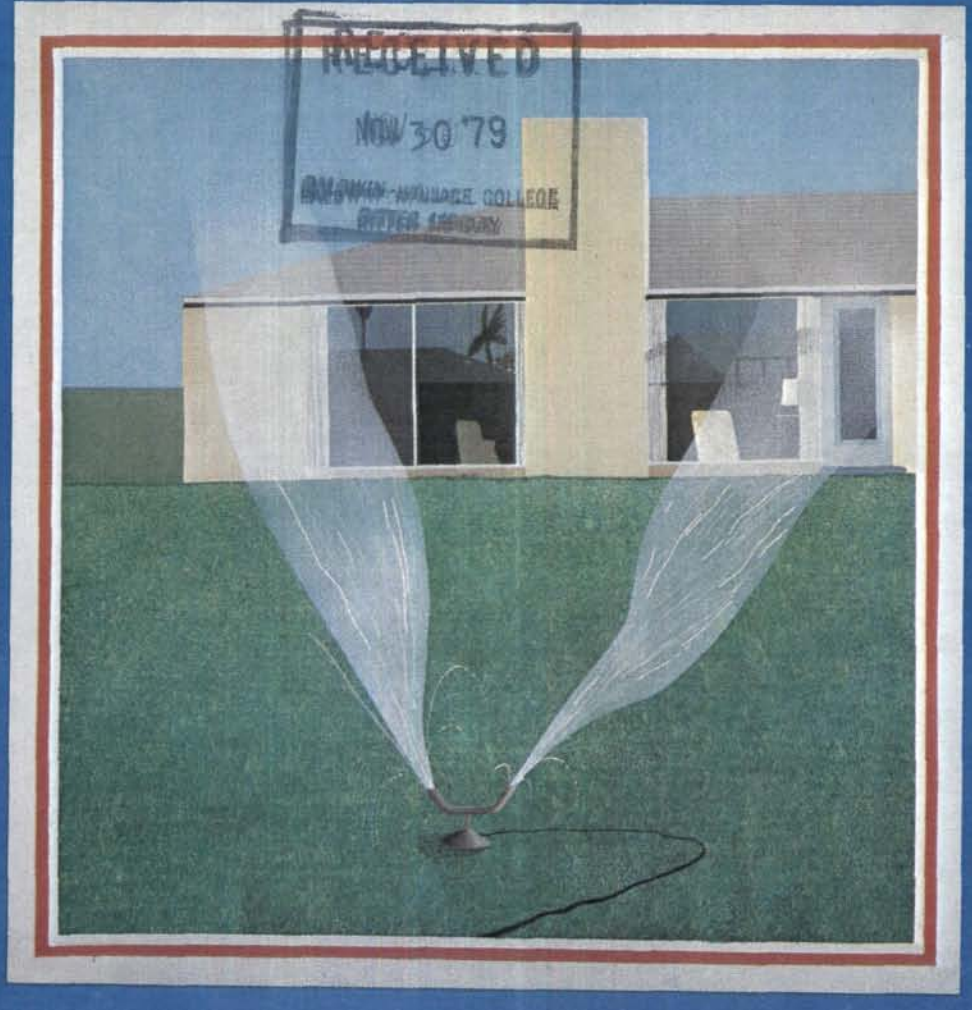
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Why the Middle Class is Turning Green

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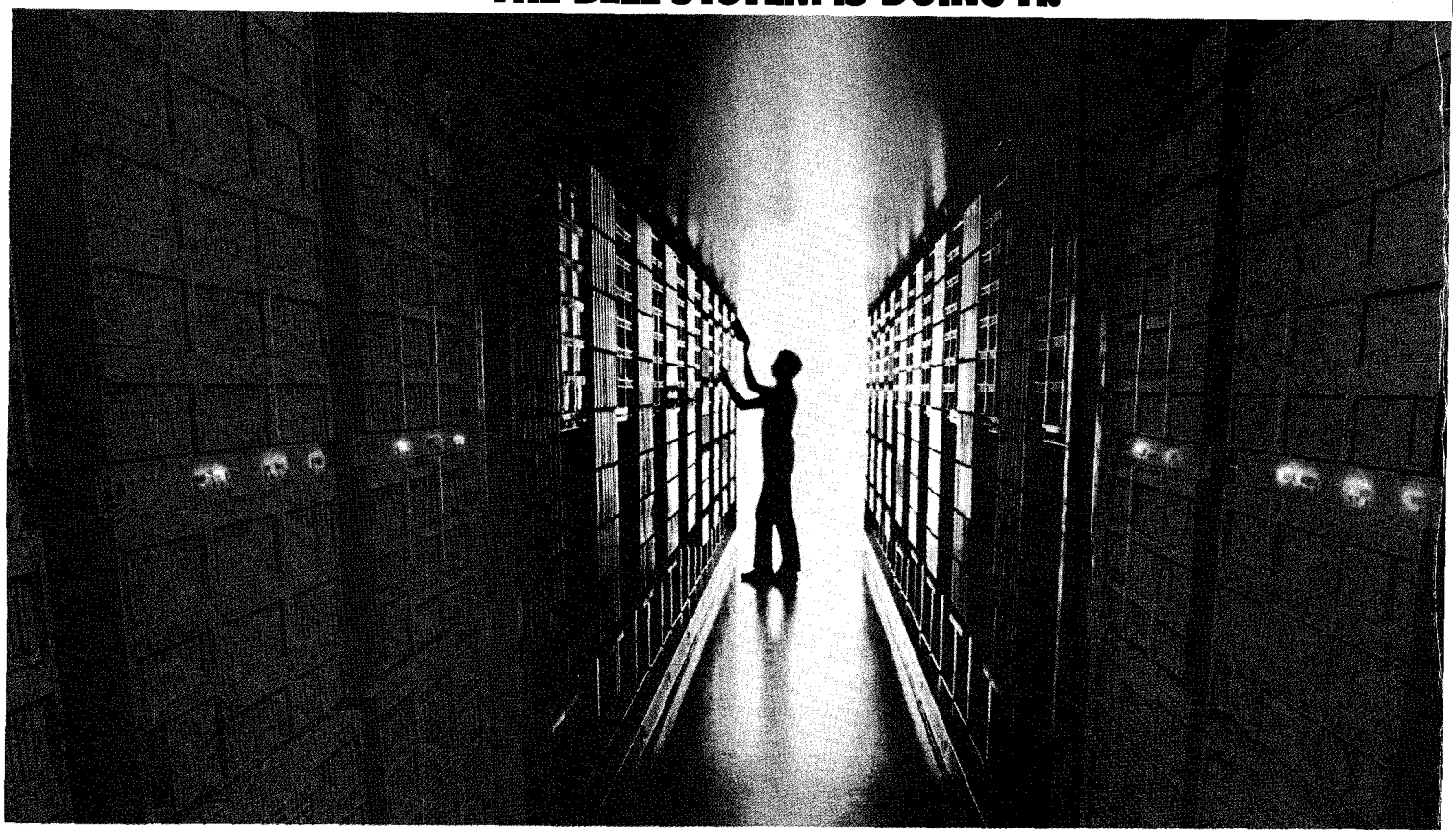

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TRB

from Washington ®
December 1, 1979

President Reagan'

he scene is the Kennett High School of onway, New Hampshire, and it comes ght out of Thornton Wilder's *Our own*. The near-zero night is crammed ith sparkling stars and a thousand ownspeople have crunched over the now to crowd the wooden seats of ne basketball-auditorium with its nderblocks of pastel green and white. onald Reagan has changed out of a eece-lined mackinaw and ski sweater ito a business suit with an enamel flag its lapel; it is 1976, when button-hole atriotism still mourns the Vietnam dventure. He has come to flagellate the ederal government and the audience ves it; he is attractive, open, neighbor-, with a wonderful grin on his rugged ice, and his answers are direct and mple: anybody can understand him. hings that had seemed complicated esolve themselves: the economy? End eficit spending. "This is the single cause inflation, and inflation is the cause of cession."

That was four years ago this January, id how close Reagan came to making it. e was running against a president of s own party—everybody said at first it ouldn't be done, but the Gallup poll anged. In October among fellow epublicans Jerry Ford led Reagan 48 to 5 percent, but now the odds were vitched: Ford had only 32 to eagan's 40.

Reagan was back campaigning in New Hampshire again this month with a Democratic president to run against. He is front-runner among 10 GOP hopefuls and well ahead. You find it hard to take Reagan seriously? I know why; it is those hateful quotations newspapers have attributed to him over the years! That comment quoted by the *New York Times*, September 21, 1966, about the redwoods: "If you've seen one you've seen them all." Or the *Washington Star*, on Chief Justice Earl Warren, July 13, 1965—"I think he's a lousy justice." Or from the conservative *Human Events*, November 1966, "Social Security ought to be voluntary." Did he say this? I don't know; if he uttered them it was in such a low-keyed, natural way that the listening journalists didn't catch them till seconds afterward.

Why shouldn't an actor run for president? The process itself—with its 30-odd state primaries, its caucuses, and its straw ballots—baffles belief. It is theatrical, a drama hunting for an audience. Why not legitimize it by nominating an actual actor, a man who knows his cues, remembers his lines, gets to the stage on time? Ronald Reagan projects sincerity. He was governor of California for eight years. Anyone who can't take him seriously should watch the crowd at Manchester, New Hampshire, as it was this month. He is due at nine o'clock: the center seats are gone at six o'clock, the place stirs with excitement at 8:30, and when the moment comes his stage entrance is professional. The National Guard armory rocks. And now the election is only 12 months away. Practice saying to yourself "President Reagan."

My problem is, I guess, that four years ago I trailed Reagan through the New Hampshire snow and heard him tell audiences for two days that the state was sending $115 million a year to the federal government and getting only $100 million back in services. How much better it would be, he said, to keep the money at home, provide the services yourself, and save $15 million! The audiences were rapt. At the end another reporter and I hired a car to break away and get over to Durham to hear the unknown Democratic candidate, Governor Carter. We had one final chat with Reagan at the airport. Didn't that $15 million represent a bargain, we asked; didn't it include the army and navy and interstate highways, and things like that? Reagan smiled disarmingly and with what appeared to be the surprise of one introduced to a new concept said he had never understood it that way. If mistaken he would stand corrected, he said. He couldn't remember who had given him the statistic.

Reagan steps out of the pages of *Reader's Digest*. He's not mean, he keeps on smiling, he believes in the verities, and he has no capacity for complexities. He's as direct as Donald Duck. National health care in New Hampshire came only second to welfare in his list of objectionable federal programs. In an argument published by a medical magazine *Private Practice* he dismissed the need for federal aid: "Virtually all Americans have access to excellent medical care today," he said. On the ABC program "Issues and Answers" (November 30, 1975) he argued that welfare cheating would be reduced by returning it to the states; a state would have a residency requirement, "which they always had," he said "until . . . the Supreme Court ruled that you could move anywhere in the US and instantly be eligible for welfare." That old debbil, the Supreme Court! It sounds a bit naive, perhaps, but Reagan isn't the only one. Jimmy Carter came to office after promising that he would reduce defense expenditures "$5 or $10 billion," for example. There is a continuity gap between our election process and government itself.

There is little guidance this month in Reagan's announcement of candidacy. It is good to know, of course, that "I cannot and will not stand by and see this great country destroy itself." Also that "the key to restoring the health of the economy lies in cutting taxes." But Reagan has been more precise in the past. He summarized his position on the Panama Canal in 1976: "We built it. We paid for it. It's ours, and we're going to keep it." He opposes SALT II, too.

He also pooh-poohed Jerry Ford's energy conservation program the same year because the government was requiring Detroit to make smaller cars: "The bill regulates the marketplace, dictates to the consumer," he complained. It would also increase unemployment "because it takes less manpower to make these small cars than the present ones favored by the American consumer." Oil was cheaper then.

Reagan seems so far ahead in the polls that the *Wall Street Journal* suggested last week that he suffers from over-confidence. Some speculate that his age is his chief obstacle—68; not his philosophy. "President Reagan." Practice saying it.

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Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1978	1977
Total Income	$ 65,137,912	$ 52,823,191
Benefits and expenses	54,870,616	46,046,539
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	10,267,296	6,776,652
Provision for income taxes		
Current	---	---
Deferred	2,792,809	1,909,150
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	7,474,487	4,867,502
Realized investment gains (losses)	(120,433)	11,364
Net income	7,354,054	4,878,866
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4.35	2.88
Realized investment gains (losses)	(.07)	.01
Net income	4.28	2.89
Assets	$ 144,993,410	$ 116,651,027
Insurance in Force	$1,504,894,000	$1,289,000,000

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 1, 1979

Why Pay More?

n our editorial celebrating his inauguration almost hree years ago, we commented that one of the greatest hallenges facing President Carter was the revolution of declining expectations among the middle class. "It nay be the first time in our history. . . ," we wrote, when middle-class Americans can reasonably anicipate for their children the long-range prospect of lownward mobility" ("No Laurel Wreaths Yet," *TNR*, anuary 22, 1977). Paul Blumberg's article on page 21 of this issue demonstrates that during Carter's term hose expectations have been borne out. Middle-class ncomes have eroded in real terms during the past few ears. More startling, the traditional superiority of vhite-collar over blue-collar incomes is eroding, and ven reversing itself. Economists from Thorstein /eblen to Fred Hirsch have pointed out that relative osition can be as important as absolute prosperity in ffecting people's sense of well-being, so Professor lumberg's observations may help to explain the alaise and despair that Carter senses all around him. s members of the white-collar middle class, but ones vho make our livings purveying progressive senments, our reaction to this trend is strong, but mixed.

The discovery that autoworkers now make more, on verage, than accountants, and almost as much as ollege professors, offers an occasion to examine the gic of our deeply held assumptions about how the ational product should be divided up. In Tom toppard's new play that's been running at the ennedy Center in Washington, *Night and Day*, one of ne characters, a young journalist, is berated for his ailure to support a strike by fellow journalists at a ritish provincial newspaper. The berator points out nat, as the result of an earlier strike, the printers were aking more than the journalists. The novice replies: Yes, I know, but you make it sound as if the natural rder has been overthrown. Fish sing in the streets, vers run uphill, and the printers are getting more than the journalists." Why should it seem so natural for white-collar workers to be paid more than blue-collar ones? As Professor Blumberg points out, higher pay is thought to correlate naturally with other indicia of status: sedentary work versus physical labor; pleasant office surroundings versus a noisy factory or outdoor job; a uniform of suit and tie versus denim overalls; etc. But there is no inherent logic to this arrangement. In fact logic and fairness suggest that the correlation should be in reverse: those who are compensated in status shouldn't need to be compensated as much in money.

The most familiar explanation of income inequality is that people are, or should be, paid according to the value of their contributions to society. A doctor is thought to contribute more than a gas station attendant (if such an occupation exists anymore), and is rewarded accordingly. This general proposition actually combines two very different arguments. One is a moral argument that those who make the greater contributions *deserve* to earn the greater rewards. This is because the greater contribution is thought to reflect admirable personal qualities that usually are summarized in the term "merit." A second argument is not moral but narrowly economic: in a capitalist system, income differentials assure the best use of the available talent. Greater contributions earn greater rewards in order to place people in jobs where their contribution to general welfare will be as great as possible. Capitalism is such a powerful engine of prosperity that even those on the losing end, relatively, are better off than they would be under another system.

There is some validity to both these abstract arguments for income inequality, especially the second one, but they have uncomfortably little to do with the kinds and degree of inequality that actually exist in this country today. Nor do they do much to legitimize white-collar resentment over blue-collar gains.

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Perhaps the economy is sending a message about the arrogance of the assumption that accountants and nurses—yes, even journalists and college professors—are innately more valuable as people than steelworkers and carpenters. The attributes that make for a good teacher may indeed be more rare than the attributes that make for a good assembly-line worker; but possessing these attributes is generally a sign of good fortune, not a sign of moral superiority. All the talk about rewarding "merit" or "excellence" tends to obscure this truth. As for the economic point, there is no sign yet of a great rush out of the white-collar professions back into manual labor. Whatever their resentments at blue-collar prosperity, few white-collar workers want to trade places. The sense of superiority that comes from having a desk job remains strong (and if this, too, is eroding, it is no bad thing).

The economy may also be telling us that even in the narrowest economic sense, we have been undervaluing blue-collar work and overvaluing what white-collar people do. In Washington, especially, it sometimes seems that there is an inverse correlation between how much people are paid and how closely they are involved in the actual production of goods and services. But that is because this is virtually an all-white-collar city. The same phenomenon probably can be observed in overstuffed executive suites too.

Inflation has been the engine of the revolution in pay scales, but these reflections do not suggest that inflation has been a good thing. Only some blue-collar workers have gained on white-collar workers, and they have gained as well on their blue-collar peers. Some white-collar workers also have done very well. The workers who have pulled ahead are those who have been able to organize themselves and pressure society into increasing their share of the pie. White-collar workers, culturally resistant to unionization, also have begun to organize as they have realized what is happening to them.

The continued fracturing of our society into narrow, self-defensive interest groups is not a happy development. Extra income for organized groups must come from somewhere. Over the past half-century, labor unions have achieved prosperity for their members by increasing the return to labor at the expense of the return to capital. This is no longer the case. The groups that are beating inflation today generally are doing so at the expense of other workers who are not organized. Inflation is the way the economy resolves the conflict when some people are demanding—and able to get—more money, though the actual production of goods and services is stable or declining. In effect, others are forced to take a pay cut without an actual decline in their salaries. Thus inflation leads to more feudal divisions in society, which lead to more inflation. The effect on income inequality is arbitrary or worse; the other social effects are disastrous (see "Liberals and Inflation," *TNR*, January 20).

One way to think about income inequality is to forget about money for a moment and think of the entire gross national product as divided into three parts, depending on what it is used for. One part goes to investment, broadly defined: goods and services we do not consume immediately, but go to increase our productive capacity, and thus our consumption, in the future. People of all political views agree that this part should be bigger than it is today, to guarantee that our prosperity will increase. Another part provides the minimum level of consumption that everyone is entitled to. It is obvious to liberals that this part also should be larger, to guarantee all Americans a decent level of existence. What's left, the third part, provides the difference in consumption level between the very worst off and the very best. This part deserves more scrutiny than it has been getting. Some of it is necessary to make the employment markets function properly and to reward enterprise and thrift that benefit all; and some of it may be justified as a reward for admirable qualities. But none of it is anybody's natural right.

In the Name of God, Go: Menahem Begin at the End

Bassam al-Shaka is, or rather was, the mayor of Nablus. He was chosen by the citizens of that ancient city and longtime center of Arab patriotism in the municipal elections conducted in 1976 by the Israeli occupation authorities in the West Bank and Gaza. Notwithstanding the Israeli presence—or rather, because of it—those elections were probably the first genuinely democratic elections ever held in the Arab world. One proof of that was the result: virtually everyone elected was a Palestinian nationalist, extremist even; and most of them were avowed supporters, though some less exuberant than others, of the PLO. The Labor government then in power in Jerusalem did not organize these elections expecting that they'd be won by Arabs eager to collaborate with Israel. On the contrary, the intention was to facilitate the emergence of a popularly chosen and legitimate local leadership which could negotiate with Israel over the disposition of the territories of historic Palestine that were occupied by Israel in 1967. These territories previously had been annexed by Jordan or administered by Egypt.

As it happened, the mayors of Gaza city, of Nablus and Jenin, of Hebron and Jericho, and about 20 other municipalities did not come forward to take their place as the negotiating representatives of the local population, even when the Camp David agreements seemed to hold out inducements of authentic autonomy. The major obstacle was the bitter hostility of the PLO encamped in Beirut, to any such participation. The PLO's power is the power of fear, and it is not

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Correspondence

Misguided Asian policy

To the editors:

Regarding Morton Kondracke's article, "Kennedy's World" (*TNR*, November 10), what in an imam's name do you mean by "with somewhat less prescience, in February 1975 he voted to defeat President Ford's request for $522 million in extra aid to South Vietnam and Cambodia, which led to the collapse of anti-communist regimes in both countries and to bloodbaths. . ."?

Since when has the lack of aid been tied to the collapse? Were not the corrupt and non-representative governments much more responsible? And since when has the term "anti-communist" meant something worth saving? As I recall, Khomeini is anti-communist but I see no real desire on your part for his "feast of blood." What about bloodbaths before these regimes failed? You know as well as I do that the suffering of the Indochinese people can be linked to more than two decades of misguided Asian policy on the part of the United States.

I am no fan of Kennedy but he sided on the prescient side in the 1975 aid vote. And it seems a definite statement on US morality that getting $69 million in food for the Cambodians in 1979 was like pulling teeth and in 1975, $522 million in guns and ammunition was almost automatically sent!

John H. Gregory
Boston, Massachusetts

A legislative veto for the FTC?

To the editors:

Stephen Chapman's endorsement of a legislative veto for the Federal Trade Commission was surprising and disappointing ("Undemocratic Nanny," *TNR*, November 10).

A legislative veto is no way to promote honesty in the marketplace. The FTC has an agonizingly slow, though thorough, process for devising industry-wide trade rules. The hearings and comment periods insure that all relevant facts and all opposing viewpoints are obtained and considered. Even then, a party who dislikes the end product can appeal to the courts. None of the trade rules that the FTC has issued to date do anything but promote a fairer marketplace.

A legislative veto would enable industry to obtain by sheer political pressure on the Congress what it could not obtain by the persuasive power of facts on the FTC. Congress is clearly not the kind of body that could spend the time or effort judiciously weighing the thousands of pages of testimony and reports obtained and used by the FTC in crafting a thoughtful, effective rule. Moreover, with its oversight authority, Congress already can and does scrutinize and evaluate all aspects of agency activity. A legislative veto is merely redundant.

Of course, if Congress does force the FTC to work in the permanent shadow of a legislative veto, industry may swallow its own bitter medicine in years ahead when the political winds shift and Congress cavalierly overrides rules that look sweet to industry.

Michael F. Jacobson, PhD
Center for Science in the Public Interest
Washington, DC

Molly Pauker
Action for Children's Television
Newton, Massachusetts

Khomeini: the people's choice

To the editors:

Your editorial suggestion ("Ayatollah So," *TNR*, November 17) that the US should *covertly* aid groups capable of toppling the ayatollah's regime as a retaliatory measure for harm to the Tehran hostages is backward thinking of the highest order. Our current predicament is the direct result of a 30-year-old foreign policy of installing and propping up unpopular (and often repressive) regimes that seem amiable to American interests. Whatever else one may think of Khomeini, it cannot be denied that he is the people's choice. Our foreign policymakers must learn to face certain unpleasant facts and not gerrymander the world into a more pleasing design.

Harvey Rubinstein
Jersey City, New Jersey

To the editors:

The New Republic properly excoriates Ayatollah Khomeini's inducement, acquiescence, or adoption of the act of Iranian students of holding Americans hostage in the US Embassy. But has *TNR*, despite understandable outrage, been carried away with its own rhetoric? I think so.

After noting that Khomeini must be cognizant that it is not the United States but the Soviet Union that is a greater threat to Iran, the editors declare: "We can inform Khomeini that if our hostages are not released, the American people will be ill disposed to our government's doing anything to help him hold Iran together, including warning the Soviets against aid to the separatists." Can *TNR* believe that this is a reasonable option for the US government in the conduct of its foreign affairs and policy? Separatist movements breed misplaced nationalism and domestic and world political instability. Equal political access for the Kurds or others is the root objective. Or does *TNR* believe seriously that "Iranian students arrested demonstrating in the US should be expelled"? Doesn't the constitutional right to political free speech apply to citizen and non-citizen so long as the act is performed peacefully? Lastly, isn't *TNR* asking too much when it asks the US to reverse its role of countering insurgency by (if the American hostages are killed) furnishing "whatever aid we can to Kurds and other groups dedicated to bringing down the ayatollah's government"? Such illusory suggestions are not workable.

Elliott A. Cohen
Pomona, New York

South Africa's problems and challenges

To the editors:

Having read the article by James North, "The Curse of the Bantustans" (*TNR*, October 20), you compel me to ask whether you checked his qualifications to write on South Africa.

The fact that South Africa is assisting the attainment of full nationhood for all its peoples—black and white—should be a point in our favor rather than a bone of contention.

Mr. North ignores the fact that no country in the world, including the United States, devotes more money to the development of underdeveloped areas than South Africa, and he appears to be ignorant of the tremendous progress made in South Africa in the past few decades in the improvement of social and political conditions for all.

I am sure you are aware of the

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problems facing African countries in the need to provide the basics of human rights, namely: food, shelter, education, health services, and protection. South Africa is coping with these problems in an admirable way. This, incidentally, includes the provision of work opportunities for communities away from urban areas in an attempt to decentralize development. One fails to see how the need to encourage development in the homelands should be questioned when it makes sense elsewhere in the world.

Mr. North is apparently unaware of the fact that South Africa has to provide work for 200,000 new black workers annually. Over the 25-year period 1975-2000, the total labor force is expected to increase from 9.4 million to 18.7 million, and the number of black workers from 6.6 million to 13.6 million.

If the homelands development policy is as much as 50 percent successful, it would mean that in the next 25 years South Africa would have to create more housing and provide more services in the urban areas alone than have been created in the last 300 years. It is estimated that more than 4.5 million new houses for black South Africans will have to be built before the end of the century. To appreciate our requirements, it should be considered that 800,000 new homes have been built since World War II.

Unfortunately, your correspondent is unaware of all the problems and challenges facing South Africa. His article is at variance with current press reports emanating from foreign correspondents in South Africa.

Carl F. Nöffke
Information Counsellor
Embassy of South Africa
Washington, DC

Clouds over solar energy

To the editors:

Stephen Chapman's "Sunlight and Moonshine" (*TNR*, October 27) fell somewhat short of his usually well-researched and penetrating coverage. Of the four attributes of solar energy on which he premises his article—that it is clean, simple, safe, and inexhaustible—experts would give an unqualified yes on only one: inexhaustibility. Let me wade into this a bit, and hasten to add that we would give solar high marks on two other counts: it is desirable and inevitable.

Solar energy is clean in the same sense that electricity is clean—at the point of consumption, but hardly in the environmental and health effects connected with its manufacture. To give one example: enormous quantities of copper ore must be mined to meet the needs of solar converters; the tails left by this mining operation are significantly more radioactive than uranium tails themselves.

If solar is so simple, why don't we have more of it, right now? As for safety, Chapman no doubt has heard of Herbert Inhaber's study, one of many that compare the hazards of solar, fossil, and nuclear energy sources. He has been vilified (and, to a limited degree, corrected) by his critics, but it is interesting that Friends of the Earth, of all people, after standing the Inhaber assumptions on their heads, concluded that "nuclear and coal wind up nearly equal and the calculated hazards of renewables fall *to near* or below those of nuclear [italics mine]."

Chapman flails the "giant aerospace corporations and entrenched utilities" for wanting to get a handle on solar energy. Who is going to bring solar into being, if it isn't the established industries? If he thinks solar energy can be a cottage industry, he seriously underestimates the elaborate and labor-intensive infrastructure that it will require.

Chapman bemoans the fact that solar energy might "only" meet 20 percent of our energy needs by the turn of the century. May I remind him that in a comparable quarter century of development, nuclear power finally has cornered four percent of our energy market? I remember when nuclear proponents were making similarly rosy forecasts, and I am saddened to see the solar enthusiasts following our example in delusion.

Chapman's comments on government subsidies are a bit muddled. The *cumulative* federal support for light-water reactor technology amounts to about three billion dollars; considering that private industry already has invested $20 billion in the nuclear plants now operating and probably $100 billion more in those now in the pipeline, I'd say this represents a fantastically good return for American taxpayers; it is certainly a better deal for them than shelling out more than a billion dollars a year for black-lung compensation.

I would argue with the perception that Price-Anderson insurance represents a subsidy; not a penny of federal money has ever been paid out under P-A, and for the past 20 years the Treasury has pocketed several million dollars in fees or premiums. If anything, the nuclear industry is subsidizing the government!

In my simple-minded way, I read the article to say that if only the government would allow competing energy sources to become exhorbitantly expensive, solar energy would have a fighting chance. Dan Yergin would think Chapman is a man of little faith.

Carl Goldstein
Assistant Vice President
Atomic Industrial Forum
Washington, DC

'Sideshow' debate

To the editors:

I commend your publication of Edward Luttwak's comments that William Shawcross's book on Kissinger, Nixon, and the destruction of Cambodia is in effect a cover-up of the antiwar movement's responsibilities for the current tyranny and butchery in Indochina ("An Exchange on *Sideshow*," *TNR*, November 3). Such a notion would have been considered heresy only a few years ago. You are to be congratulated for giving voice to a point of view that very much needs to be heard and discussed.

Stephen B. Young
Assistant Dean
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the editors:

With very few exceptions the material appearing in *TNR* has a certain class and style. It confronts often extremely contentious issues without stooping to the sort of casual *ad hominem* and mindless invective that is so prevalent in other areas and fora of public debate these days in the United States. Unfortunately the piece you ran by Edward Luttwak on William Shawcross's *Sideshow* seemed to violate almost everything attractive in the magazine's tradition.

I would urge in the strongest terms that printing such articles represents an extreme disservice to the model that *TNR* has established and seeks to continue. It also represents an affront to the readers who continue to value the contribution that *TNR* makes. Surely with all the wealth of talent that is available to grace the pages of the journal, it is hardly necessary to make

(continued on page 41)

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inconsiderable; it depends less on missiles than on a well-targeted bullet. Another impediment was the fact that the powers, small and great, Arab and non-Arab, and including the US, which had sponsored the Begin-Sadat accords deliberately excluding the PLO from the talks, continued to signal the inevitability and indispensability of a PLO presence, indeed of the PLO's centrality, in any settlement. How could the local Arabs be less extremist than Harold Saunders, our mischief-making assistant secretary of state for the Middle East, who, on the morrow of Camp David, flew to Araby to assure its leaders that the documents signed in Washington did not mean what they said? The interests of the West Bankers and Gazans are significantly different from those of the PLO, but this fact was overwhelmed by the mounting clamor in support of Yasser Arafat's claim to be the rightful heir to the contested lands.

These factors would have vexed the peace process under the best circumstances. But Menahem Begin's coalition government contrived, particularly after the achievement at Camp David, to make the autonomy talks seem as inauspicious and unpromising to the local Arabs as possible. The chorus for the PLO did nothing to encourage the Israelis to do otherwise. Some in Begin's rightist cohort have always harbored the dream of annexation. For a while, these zealots were kept in check by the still resilient though ambiguous hold of Moshe Dayan over Israel's political life. For a time too, Begin lived with the anxiety that his deputy prime minister, archaeologist, and Independence War hero, Yigal Yadin, might take his fledging reform movement out of the ruling coalition if the government were to pursue the illusion of peaceful relations with one million Arabs happily submerged under permanent Israeli rule. Begin overestimated the courage of Yadin's convictions.

For several months now, the Israeli right wing has been firmly in control. Defense minister Ezer Weizman also has turned out to be not much of a restraint on Begin's obduracy. He can be counted on sometimes, but rarely in a crunch (though almost always on matters important to the treaty with Egypt). On a few critical occasions, especially regarding the West Bank, Weizman has been the one who initiated or provoked, rather than simply acquiescing to, the troublemaking. Certainly Weizman is largely responsible for the arrest and the attempt to deport Mayor Shaka. Shaka, it was alleged, had said something to the Israeli military governor of the West Bank endorsing PLO terrorism, like the killing of 34 Israeli civilians in March 1978 on the coastal highway between Tel Aviv and Haifa. A transcript of the conversation reveals that Shaka merely had attempted to explain to the Israeli general—or, at worst, to explain away—the causes of terrorism. Though he may well endorse terrorism, his careful comments were not an endorsement of PLO terrorism. And of course nothing said in private to an Israeli general can be seen as an attempt to incite terrorist activity, which might legitimately arouse the government's prosecutorial instincts. Nevertheless the Begin government, now wholly hostage to forces more extreme than even this prime minister may feel to be congenial, put out all kinds of adulterated canned goods in order to justify the arrest—with Weizman doing most of the selling.

Not content to make a sham of the 1976 elections which were (and still could be) both the evidence of a uniquely benign occupation and the hope for a way out of the Israeli-Palestinian impasse, the Begin cabinet made another pronouncement about plans for expansion of Jewish settlements on the West Bank to accommodate from 10,000 to 15,000 families. A dozen such pronunciamentoes have been issued in the past, some hinting at 100,000 settlers and more. By now this is a reflex with Begin: when in trouble, he announces more settlements. These are stupid pronouncements, because of their demoralizing effect on the Arabs; but they are also silly because there aren't any thousands of families to settle. Israeli Jews simply don't want to settle in the West Bank. In fact, the Israeli population in all of the settlements throughout the occupied territories, properly excluding Jerusalem, probably adds up to fewer than 6000, some of them there for cheap subsidized housing. World opinion exaggerates the significance of these settlers as an impediment to peace. If the Arabs really were ready for peace, these stray outposts would not stand in the way. But there is much to suggest that standing in the way is precisely what the Begin government intends them to do.

There is also suspicion that Begin and his evaporating clique of supporters want to rid themselves of the annoyance of a democratically elected leadership in the territories. If the Israeli government wants seriously to pursue autonomy, the prosecution of Shaka makes no sense. It is eminently understandable, however, if the government wants to renege on autonomy. Unable to do so frankly, Begin seems to be trying to eliminate the most appropriate prospective candidates to sit opposite the Israelis at the green table of diplomacy. Unhappily, 25 of Shaka's colleagues, the mayors of Nablus's sister cities, have obliged Israel's worst hawks and resigned. Of course they did so at the instruction of and under threats from the PLO. Once again, Begin and Arafat seem to be conspiring against peace.

History will not apply this harsh judgment to the entirety of Begin's record, we must add in fairness to him. As Israel prepares this week, in this energy-squeezed and energy-obsessed world, to turn back its only significant source of oil, providing more than 60 percent of its needs, the word "intransigent" does not quite do justice even to Begin. But regarding the West Bank, he is locked into rigid ideological moorings and to regrets of more than a generation over the partition compromise accepted by the Zionist movement in 1947. This ideology and these regrets are dangerous. Begin, then, is not the one to do what must be done to test the

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widespread, even casual, assumption that the Arabs of Palestine are ready for peace. We, frankly, are skeptical ourselves. But everything should be done to see if that skepticism is unwarranted. So now, after two and a half years, it is clear that Begin's Likud coalition is not up to the job either of governing Israel or of stretching the Israeli people and their Arab neighbors toward peace. Israeli public opinion has never held Begin in less esteem. It is now telling him and his colleagues just about what Oliver Cromwell told the Rump Parliament in 1654: "It is not fit that you sit here any longer. . . . You shall now give place to better men" (and women).

White House Watch

Information, Please

One of the early responses to a Federal Communications Commission proposal to reduce regulation of radio broadcasting was on a postcard from Mogadore, Ohio. It was signed Rosalie Zuravale and it read in its entirety: "No to radio deregulation. We'd have two big C's—Commercials & Cussing."

Ms. Zuravale exaggerated the scope of the FCC proposal. It is considerably short of total deregulation of radio broadcasting. But her postcard placed her among the few citizens who seem to be aware of one of several historic moves toward lessened federal regulation of electronic informational processes. They are parts of a social and technological revolution that, in the words of a political pioneer and proponent, Representative Lionel Van Deerlin of California, "will ultimately have more effect on American life than all the radical rhetoric of the 1960s." President Carter has a role in that revolution. This report is principally intended to summarize and delimit his role.

First let it be said that as in so many other Carter programs the President's role is exaggerated by him and his people. He did not invent deregulation as a national objective. Professor Paul McAvoy of Yale, Gerald Ford's chief deregulator, originated and suffered grievously from originating many of the deregulation efforts—airlines, trucking, rails, cable vs. broadcast TV among them—which Carter claims as his own. Professor McAvoy and one of Carter's staff informational innovators and deregulators, Richard (Rick) Neustadt, aged 31, Harvard Law 1974, occasionally discuss the problems and perils. Despite all his deregulation rhetoric, Carter has avoided taking a firm position on some of the basics. An example is whether there is a compelling public interest in retaining firm federal control over radio broadcasting. Privately and publicly, Carter has told FCC chairman Charles Ferris to review and weed out unnecessary and unproductive regulations. Carter has never said there is or is not a controlling public interest in retaining the power to regulate, nor has he defined a view of the proper limits of regulation.

Work on FCC's radio broadcast proposal followed Carter's private urgings to Ferris and other regulatory commission chairmen, preceded his public urgings to Ferris, and crystallized the issue of public interest in continued and inclusive federal regulation. The commission on September 26 proposed for public discussion four changes in its rules. The changes would in essence relieve it from determining and imposing detailed requirements for news and other "nonentertainment programming"; station logging of every aired minute devoted to advertising, entertainment, news, etc; station "ascertainment" and satisfaction of their communities' audience needs and interests; and advertising versus non-advertising air time. Basically the commission proposed to leave these determinations to "the marketplace," meaning listener preferences as determined in listenership surveys, rather than to federal regulation.

The FCC stipulated reservations and exceptions. It would retain authority to resume regulation when "the market" didn't operate as the FCC assumed it would. It also would retain authority to distinguish between the regulatory needs of differing markets—Los Angeles with 79 licensed radio stations and small towns or cities with one or two licensed stations amounting to local monopolies, for instance. The approach was based on a fact and the FCC's interpretation of the fact. In 1934, when the Federal Communications Act was passed, there were 583 licensed radio broadcasting stations. Now there are "over 8600" and with the increase in FM stations the total has almost doubled since 1960. Beyond this arithmetic there is a broader technological conclusion. It is that the available radio spectrum is wider and more flexible than it was understood to be in 1934 and for long afterward and that it can be opened to hundreds more outlets than was previously thought possible. The administration and the FCC would like to open many though not all of these additional radio outlets to minority (mainly black and Hispanic) ownership and programming. Varied encouragements of minority ownership have been initiated at the Carter White House and implemented by FCC, the Small Business Administration, and other agencies. They have increased licensed or in-process minority broadcast ownerships from 68 in early 1978 to 109 in late 1979.

Largely because of the lobbying pressures exerted by broadcast interests, including but not confined to the national broadcasting associations and networks, the House communications subcommittee under Lionel Van Deerlin has dumped congressional oversight of radio-TV regulation from the inclusive communications regulatory revision bill that he introduced in 1978. The impression at the White House and at FCC is that the Senate communications subcommittee

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Can Americans Save More Energy Without Changing Lifestyles?

Some experts believe Americans could live as comfortably on 30 to 40 percent less energy if conservation became a way of life. But new financial incentives are needed to make America more energy efficient.

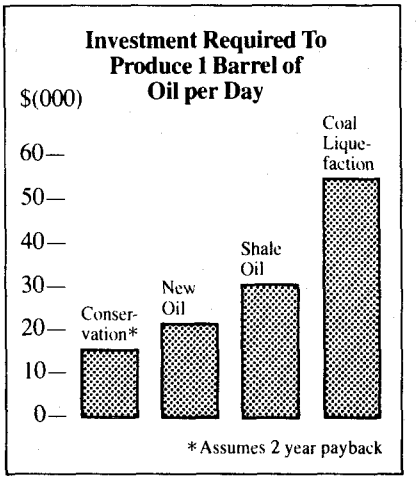
Ask a homeowner if he could conserve more energy without changing his lifestyle and the answer is likely to be no. But ask a growing number of energy analysts the same question, and they'd say Americans could live as comfortably as they do now on 30 to 40 percent less energy. Why the different answers?

We suspect "conservation" means different things to different people. It seems that conservation is too often associated with deprivation—when its real meaning describes the process of getting more for less. And the energy analysts are focusing on this *efficiency* dimension when they speak of conservation opportunities.

Conservation is cheap and fast.

Viewed from this perspective, conservation emerges as a near-term energy strategy that's cheaper and faster than new projects for coal, nuclear, solar and synthetic fuels. All of these sources have a place in the nation's energy future, but none offers any immediate relief from the burden of imported oil.

The economic advantages of improving energy efficiency, for example, are compelling. Presently, the investment required to find and produce a barrel of oil per day in the U.S. is about $21,000. Investments to *conserve* a barrel of oil per day make economic sense up to at least this level, but there's substantial evidence that actual investments in conservation are considerably lower. How much lower depends on how long energy users are willing to wait for the payback (in fuel savings) on their investment. A $15,000 investment to conserve one barrel every day, for example, pays for itself in about two years at today's oil prices.



If improved energy efficiency is such a good buy, why aren't Americans investing in it more heavily? Unfortunately, many energy users—including industry—lack the capital they need for conservation projects, even when the potential payback is relatively fast. And for major conservation projects, the payback period may be quite long, further discouraging these investments. The result is less investment in conservation than national priorities require.

New incentives need support.

Two Senate committees recently approved new incentives to encourage residential and commercial conservation. Incentives for *industrial* conservation have yet to be acted on:

- Senators Malcolm Wallop (R-Wyo.) and Alan Simpson (R-Wyo.) have introduced a bill which would provide tax credits to industry for conservation investments.
- Senators Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.) and John Durkin (D-N.H.) are advancing a proposal which would provide rebates to industry for energy conserved.

Both proposals recognize the contribution industry can make to improving America's energy efficiency—and the power of incentives to bring this contribution about. The principle endorsed by the Senate committee in approving residential and commercial incentives should now be applied to the industrial sector, because conservation is the best transitional energy strategy the nation can pursue.

For a copy of a paper on conservation incentives presented to the Conference Board by Ronald S. Wishart, Union Carbide's director of energy policy, write "Conservation," Union Carbide Corporation, Box G-24, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

UNION CARBIDE

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under Ernest Hollings of South Carolina has also ducked it and, like the House subcommittee, preferred to concentrate on "telecommunications," meaning what we used to think of as telephones—AT&T, Ma Bell, and all that. The word near Hollings is that this is partly false. He and his subcommittee are said to be more ready than Van Deerlin and the House subcommittee are for congressional oversight of radio and TV regulation and deregulation. It's accepted at the White House and the FCC that Van Deerlin and his subcommittee are closer to the markup of an acceptable communications bill than Hollings and his subcommittee are. However that may be, the news of interest here is the turn-about in AT&T's attitude that is said at both subcommittees, at the White House, and at FCC to have occurred since the redoubtable John D. deButts retired as AT&T chairman February 1, 1979, and a new management dominated by chairman Charles L. Brown and vice chairman James E. Olson took over. DeButts opposed any federal legislation dealing with or affecting AT&T, preferring to leave its fate and that of its affiliates to an antitrust suit that has been in litigation since 1974. His successors have indicated to the White House, Congress, FCC, and the Department of Justice that they recognize the inevitability of more competition than AT&T has hitherto accepted and will tolerate legislation requiring it.

Now to barest mention of other marvels. In Columbus, Ohio, an experimental project called CUBE (for nothing except a small box set beside some TV sets, one is told) makes me feel as I did when I prayed for abolition of the Manhattan Project in 1943. The box connects one's TV set with a cable TV system. Thirty buttons on the box enable a listener to punch up and receive any one of 30 channels. Four buttons on the box enable the listener to respond when a voice at the cable TV center asks what he or she thought of what he or she had just seen or heard and says, punch one or two or three or four to answer. A computer at the cable TV center instantly correlates the answers and flashes the totals on the receiver's screen. On the night of Carter's "national malaise" speech July 15, the reactions to what the respondents had heard was flashed back to their screens within minutes. The results supported Carter's view that he'd been well received. This system is intended to be installed nationally by private enterprises. FCC chairman Ferris has said the prospective effect on the national political process frightens him. It should. It could vitiate the political and electoral system as we know it. Carter's Rick Neustadt has written that electronic home information delivery systems which are now in experimental operation "could have dramatic, even devastating impacts on publishing, newspapers, banking, the mails, and even the need to travel to work."

The FCC's staff is about to recommend that rural telephone companies "in sparsely settled areas" be allowed to transmit both phone talk and cable TV over the same lines. In urban areas, nobody can. COMSAT has applied for permission to launch five satellites from which earth-originated TV programs can be transmitted directly to home receivers. Japan is said to be going for that system now, eliminating ground and local TV transmitters. FCC says it will take two years to decide whether we go that way.

John Osborne

The threat to liberal incumbents.

No Quiet in the House

The House, intended to be the branch of government most responsive to the people, instead has become the branch most impervious to the public will. At a time when voters have had negative attitudes about government, public officials, and politicians, every two years more than three-quarters of incumbent congressmen are returned to office. In what may have been our most turbulent and unsettling political year, 1968, fully 91 percent of the incumbent House members managed to win reelection.

How this has come to be—how incumbency has become a major asset in House elections—is a familiar story to political insiders. Less familiar is the increasing evidence that the basic trend may now be moving in the other direction. We are not likely to see a vast turnover in House membership in the 1980 elections. But we may have reached a turning point, in which the trend for reelection of incumbents has peaked and a contrary trend has begun.

If so, it is not particularly good news for liberal Democrats. In the 1970s they have been the particular beneficiaries of the factors working for the success of incumbents, to the point where they occupy a position in the House today that few thought possible 10 years ago. In the 1960s, you may recall, liberal reformers could not summon majorities in the Democratic caucus, the leadership was unresponsive to them; committee chairmen went their own, often reactionary ways. The Senate, not the House, was indisputably the liberal branch of government.

But in the years of the Vietnam War and the Nixon administration, liberals increased their power in the House. In elections, they were on the attack. In primaries, they ousted veteran Democrats not sympathetic to environmental causes or too sympathetic to the Vietnam War. They ousted elderly Republicans who took their districts for granted and provided little in constituency service. Once elected, they were adept in using the advantages of incumbency. Their staffs excelled at handling casework—solving problems constituents have with various branches of government. They were constantly returning to their

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districts, meeting with constituents, and letting them know that they cared about their problems. They used the congressional frank—the free mailing privilege—to flood their constituents with reports on their doings, reports that naturally presented their achievements and their voting records in a favorable light. Several years ago, one of Ralph Nader's organizations estimated that the perquisites of incumbency were worth $600,000 over a two-year term to an incumbent congressman. Since few if any challengers to incumbents spend anywhere near that amount of money, every incumbent tends to have an enormous advantage. No wonder so many have been winning.

The young Democrats of the 1970s have been successful enough at using the advantages of incumbency that the basic partisan makeup of the House has not changed substantially since the Watergate election of 1974. In 1976, only two of the 1974 freshmen were defeated for reelection—one in a heavily Republican downstate Illinois district and the other a man unfortunate enough to have been charged with soliciting a prostitute while representing the citizens of Utah. In 1978, Democrats lost on balance just 11 seats—far below historic precedents. The number of House incumbents of both parties beaten in 1976 was 19; in 1978 it was 24. This is not very many in a body of 435.

Yet there has been increasing turnover. The percentage of incumbents returned to office has never reached the level of 1968. Americans now are reelecting only about eight out of 10 of their congressmen, not nine out of 10 as they were a few years ago.

One reason is the increased number of retirements. Some of them are prompted by the prospect of imminent defeat. Others retire because they simply don't feel like keeping up the pace anymore. The formula that the young congressmen have used to win reelection year after year is not automatic; it depends on hard work. It is fun, when you are in your early 30s and have few family obligations, to return to the district every weekend for a round of community meetings and public appearances. It is less fun when you are in your 40s or 50s and your children are growing up without you.

The Democratic freshmen of 1974 and other recent years have not yet shown signs of such weariness. But relatively few of them have passed 40 yet. Very few of them seem likely to be defeated or to retire in 1980. (Few will run for higher office, because there are few governorships up and most Senate seats up are held by Democrats.) But it seems likely that not very many will be in the House 10 years from now.

Another factor working against reelection is that some incumbents at least are losing the effective monopoly they have had over information about themselves. For years most newspapers and television stations have given little coverage to the many congressmen whose districts are in their circulation areas. Consequently, almost everything a voter learns about his congressman has come from the congressman's franked mail. Naturally, it tends to be favorable.

Junior congressmen have little trouble using this tactic. No one in the media cares much how they vote on controversial matters, since they have little influence on others, and only one-435th influence on the total vote. It may be different when a congressman achieves a position on a committee or when his hard work gives him influence on an issue.

The Democratic freshmen of 1974 accelerated this process by changing the rules to give more members subcommittee chairmanships. As a result, more members are on the spot. When you are a floor leader on a national bill, your position on that measure is going to become known in your district—even if it is not very popular there. In recent elections, some powerful Democrats have had serious electoral problems in districts they used to win easily. It used to be that seniority and power in a committee were an asset to a congressman seeking reelection. Now they may have become a liability. The inevitable result is higher turnover, either through defeats of incumbents or retirements in anticipation of tough fights.

The other factor tending to diminish incumbents' advantage is the increasing competition from Republicans. Throughout most of the 1970s there was no question that the Democrats had the lion's share of aggressive, idealistic, politically knowledgeable candidates in seriously contested House elections. The quality of candidates is obviously crucial in a system where incumbents have an advantage; only a top-quality challenger can expect to overcome it. But in 1978 it seems that Republicans had the better candidates, on the whole, and for the first time in years most of the freshmen elected were Republicans. No one can be sure about 1980, but preliminary indications are that the Republicans will have many talented challengers and that Democrats will be hard pressed to match them. Up through 1976, Democrats targeted far more seats than Republicans. At this point, it looks as though more Democratic seats will be under serious attack in 1980 than Republican seats—which was the case in 1978.

But members of both parties will be beaten. It is worth remembering that in 1978, when Democrats lost 11 seats, they actually captured 11 previously Republican seats, while the Republicans captured 22 Democratic districts. There probably will be similar flux in 1980. There is no point in predicting the precise partisan outcome now. More important is to realize that the factors favoring indefinite reelection of incumbents are operating with less force than they were a few years ago. Democrats cannot count on holding onto control of the House through the 1980s on the basis of their big victory in 1974 and their relative success in other election years of the 1970s. The Republicans now also have a bloc of idealistic,

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aggressive, politically knowledgeable young congressmen who are trying to hold onto their seats and increase their numbers. The balance now still favors the Democrats, but they will have to have more than the advantages of incumbency to prevail in the decade to come.

Michael Barone

Michael Barone is vice president of Peter D. Hart Research Associates, and co-author of *The Almanac of American Politics* (Dutton).

Front-runners and energy slicks.

Oil Chicanery

Energy is probably the most important issue facing the United States in the next decade and it would be reasonable to expect presidential candidates to think seriously and try to talk sensibly about it in the next year. In a better world than this, the 1980 election might serve the useful purpose of helping to educate the American electorate about the intractable realities of energy. But if the pronouncements to date of the two current front-runners, Edward Kennedy and Ronald Reagan, are any indication, it will most likely serve instead to confuse and delude.

Kennedy and Reagan represent the two poles of opinion on energy, as on any number of other issues. Kennedy insists on the importance of retaining price controls on gasoline and domestic crude oil and has even suggested reimposing them on home heating oil. He sees the answer to our energy problems in such benign measures as conservation and "renewable" energy sources like solar power. Reagan thinks the entire problem will vanish if we merely lift all price controls on oil, natural gas, and gasoline. He disparages conservation and urges a greater reliance on nuclear power. Each assures us that his policies will free us from our dependence on OPEC and make the energy crisis a thing of the past. Each is mistaken.

Kennedy subscribes to a particularly pernicious mythology, one that has been discredited by both theory and practice: the idea that we can reduce our imports of oil while holding domestic prices below those on the world market. Domestic price controls inevitably cause our imports to rise. By holding oil prices down, controls encourage consumers to use more than they otherwise would. Controls also inhibit production from domestic wells by making it uneconomical to use expensive recovery techniques. The nation would be better off buying a barrel of US oil that can be produced for $15 than a barrel of imported oil, but under current price controls the producer wouldn't be able to recover the cost of extracting that oil and consequently would leave it in the ground. Finally, controls subsidize the importation of oil through the entitlements system, under which those refiners who use cheap domestic oil are forced to make payments to those who use expensive foreign oil (see "Quota Unquota," *TNR*, November 24).

Kennedy's stubbornness on price controls points up a paradox in his policies: he stresses constantly the need to conserve energy but opposes the measure that would provide the largest and most direct stimulus to conservation. After his announcement for the Democratic nomination, Kennedy found himself in the unusual position of being attacked for this position by both the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*. So when Kennedy appeared on NBC's "Meet the Press" last week he tried to reconcile the contradiction. He said he saw no point in letting energy prices rise further: "It [energy] is already expensive. . . . Elderly people have set their thermostats down at 65. Now what are we going to ask them to do? Are we going to ask them to go down to 60?" Now Senator Kennedy has offered several proposals to promote conservation devices such as insulation, storm windows, and heat pumps, so he knows that conservation does not consist of merely turning down thermostats. Letting prices rise does not imply asking people to use less oil by shivering in the dark, but to take active, long-term conservation measures which will reduce their use of oil even more. But it is useless to expect people to spend money to insulate their homes unless it will save them money.

Nor does it inevitably follow, as Kennedy contends, that decontrol will severely hurt the poor. The impact of decontrol on the poor can be mitigated easily through fuel stamps or other forms of direct assistance (Kennedy in fact has proposed such assistance.) This aid would protect the poor from the worst consequences of higher oil prices without depriving the economy of the benefits it would bring in conservation, efficiency, and increased domestic oil production.

Like Kennedy, Reagan makes his position on oil price controls the centerpiece of his energy policy. "The only way to free ourselves from the monopoly pricing power of OPEC is to be less dependent on outside sources of fuel," he said in his announcement. "The answer obvious to anyone . . . is more domestic production of oil and natural gas. We must also have wider use of nuclear power within strict safety rules. . . ." He also has endorsed tax credits for the development of synthetic fuels and other "alternative" sources of energy. (His announcement had one bizarre passage raising the possibility that the public has been "unfairly exploited" by the oil industry, a line which no conservative but a former actor could have delivered without a wink.)

On the crucial issue of decontrol, at least, Reagan seems to have more or less the right idea. But nothing in his public pronouncements suggests that he has ever the dimmest understanding of why price controls are

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unwise. One advantage to decontrol is the stimulus it would give to conservation. Reagan, however, offered conservation only the back of his hand: "At best it [conservation] means we will run out of energy a little more slowly. But a day will come when the lights will dim and the wheels of industry will turn more slowly and finally stop." Anyone compiling a catalogue of the silliest things said in the 1980 presidential race will have to give this remark a prominent place. Conservation, as Reagan should know, is not pure sacrifice. A million barrels of oil saved through intelligent conservation measures is not a million barrels of oil forgone, but a million barrels that can be used elsewhere. And unlike other fuels, this "source" doesn't make us vulnerable to foreign cartels, doesn't require strip mining or create air pollution, and isn't interrupted by political upheavals in the Persian Gulf.

Reagan seems to think we can simply produce ourselves out of this mess. This is mistaken on two counts. First, decontrolling domestic oil will not increase domestic production much above what it is now, if at all. There is not an infinite supply of oil that can be extracted even at the current price set by OPEC. Price controls should be lifted nonetheless to keep production from actually declining further. But *reducing* our dependence on OPEC—as distinct from merely keeping our dependence from becoming even more pronounced—will not be one of the consequences of scrapping controls. Of course Reagan doesn't intend to rely entirely on oil. Second, he says we should use more nuclear power, though within strict safety rules—which is as dubious as a dieter saying he wants to eat more, but without gaining weight. If Ronald Reagan knows a way to do both, he should let us in on the secret.

But these errors aren't the only flaws in these two candidates' prescriptions for energy policy. The dirty secret about energy that none of the candidates wants to mention is that we are permanently dependent on foreign sources of oil. To pretend that we can somehow achieve energy self-sufficiency—through decontrol, conservation, nuclear power, or solar energy—is a cruel delusion. We certainly can take measures that will improve things perceptibly—some of them worth the cost, some not. But without the most draconian government measures and the most extravagant subsidies, we can't assure ourselves of complete energy independence. The sooner the public recognizes that, and the sooner politicians stop trying to ignore it, the sooner we can get about the business of adapting ourselves intelligently to these new political and economic constraints. It is on genuinely painful matters like this that political leadership can be decisive. Where that leadership will come from, if it comes at all, remains to be seen. But don't expect it from Ted Kennedy or Ronald Reagan.

Stephen Chapman

The 1980 Reagan is hard to beat.

Ronnie's No Barry

by Morton Kondracke

It will be a tough struggle against President Carter for the nomination, most Democrats seem to think, but once Edward Kennedy is nominated, there will be little to worry about in November. They think the Republican party will do them the favor of choosing not one of its bright, energetic so-called "moderates," nor even the combative, unpredictable John Connally, but that wrinkled old two-time loser, that knee-jerk right-wing reactionary, that joke of an ex-movie actor, Ronald Reagan. And to confirm themselves in their optimism, Democrats have only to cast their eyes at the latest polls. The *Washington Post* has Kennedy trouncing Reagan, 51 percent to 37 percent. Gallup and Harris are even better: Kennedy 54, Reagan 38, according to Gallup; Kennedy 64, Reagan 34, according to Harris. In the latest Harris and *Post* polls, even President Carter can beat Reagan: 52–45, according to Harris; 47–42, according to the *Post*.

The Democrats are probably right in thinking that Reagan will be the Republican nominee next year. He may face some trouble along the way from George Bush or (increasingly less probably) from John Connally, but Reagan seems to be maintaining his hold on the affection and allegiance of the Republican rank and file. The Florida Republican convention last weekend meant nothing in terms of nominating delegates, but it showed that even when Connally spends $300,000 and has an Iran crisis as an excuse for macho postures, Republicans still prefer Reagan. Poll after poll confirms Reagan's steady popularity in the GOP. It might

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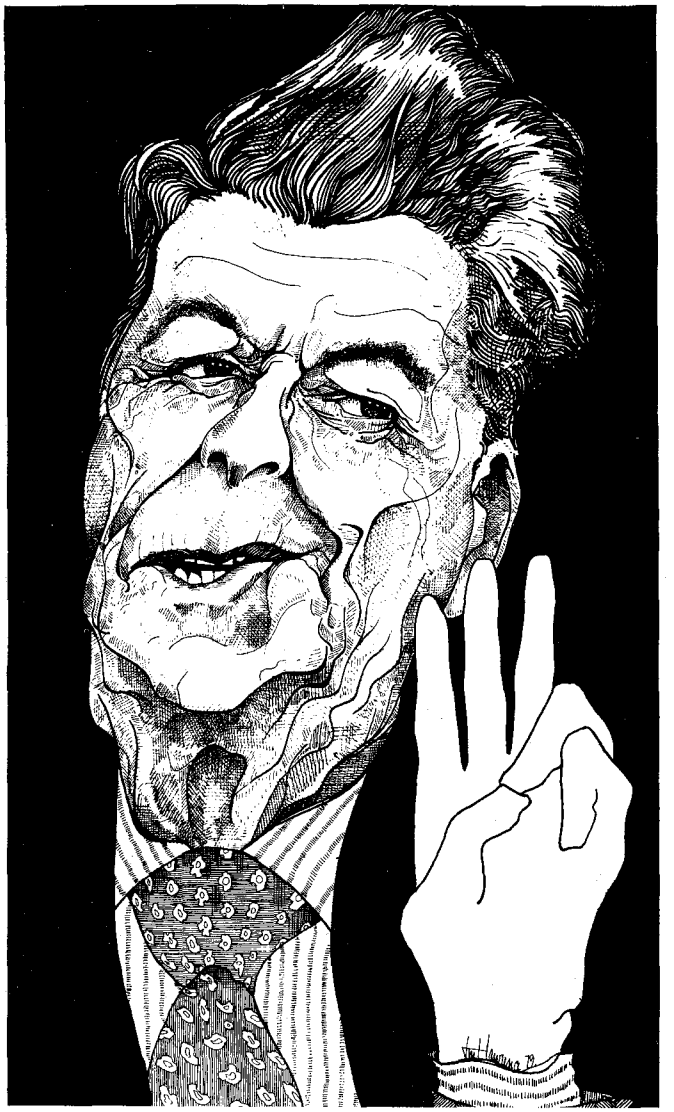
endanger Reagan's standing if he began doing less well than his GOP rivals in trial heats against Kennedy and Carter, but Reagan does better than any other active Republican candidate, even though he trails Carter and is swamped by Kennedy.

But Democrats are making a terrible mistake if they smugly take the current polls as an accurate forecast of Reagan's weakness next year. Reagan will be no pushover, no 1980 version of Barry Goldwater. Reagan this year does not seem anything like the radical right-wing hip shooter that liberals fondly remember from campaigns gone by. One reason is that he is not campaigning against a Republican incumbent, as he was in 1976, and trying to outflank him on the right. Four years ago, Reagan had to depend heavily on the kooky fringe of the GOP, on the likes of Jesse Helms, Phil Crane, Richard Viguerie, Meldrim Thomson, and William Loeb. Loeb is still aboard in New Hampshire, but the rest of the wild bunch have decided that Reagan isn't conservative enough, or principled enough, to deserve their support. This can only help Reagan win the election.

The hot-eyed right is especially mad at John Sears, Reagan's political mastermind. It never has forgiven him for inventing Richard Schweiker as Reagan's running mate in 1976, and this year it thinks Sears has consummated the seduction of its former darling along the wicked pathway to pragmatism. It is not true that Reagan has abandoned conservatism, but it is accurate to say that Sears is trying to portray Reagan as a *moderate* conservative. He is doing it rather well, too, and Democrats should be forewarned.

Among rank-and-file Republicans, polls show, Reagan is retaining his conservative base, but also attracting support from moderates. Reagan probably will try to do exactly the same thing among the general electorate if he is nominated. Although his base is in the South and West, Reagan launched his campaign last week in the Northeast—officially opening his campaign in New York City and visiting (besides New Hampshire) a union hall in Boston and a working-class suburb of Philadelphia. Reagan indentifies the Screen Actors Guild, of which he was once president, as a labor union. He says he is the only candidate in the race who is a life member of the American Federation of Labor. He is no longer solidly against federal loan guarantees for New York City, as he was in 1976, and campaign aides promise that, as time goes on, there will be a Reagan health care program, an unemployment program, and an education program. If all that comes together, Democrats will not be able to beat Reagan simply by scaring old ladies into thinking their Social Security will end if Reagan is elected.

Reagan seems moderate by comparison to himself four years ago, by comparison to others in the Republican party, and also because the rest of the country has shifted rightward, putting him closer to the center of the political spectrum. He still favors massive transfers of federal programs to the states



drawing of Ronald Reagan by Vint Lawrence

(without a hard-to-explain $90-billion price tag attached, as in 1976). He also favors deep federal tax cuts and increased defense spending. He is against the SALT treaty and he still wouldn't give back the Panama Canal. But those positions don't seem nearly as reactionary or hawkish as they did in 1976, particularly in view of Democratic failures to control the economy and to combat Soviet aggressiveness.

Ronald Reagan also seems moderate because he probably is a truly moderate man, not the ideologue most liberals believe him to be or the adventurer that Goldwater was thought to be and John Connally almost certainly is. As governor of California, Reagan showed unexpected willingness to compromise with the Democratic legislature. As president, Reagan doubtless would have a complement of superhawks running American foreign policy, but one gets the sense of Reagan that if they came to him to start a war, he'd ask: "Is this really necessary?"

What's most politically dangerous for Democrats is that Reagan is on to the smart themes for 1980: productivity in domestic policy and strength in foreign policy. By comparison, the Democrats seem totally confused. They have given us a 15 percent inflation rate, interest rates just as high, and the prospect of a

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recession without a guaranteed slowdown to inflation. Oil prices double and redouble but the Democrats still are arguing over what to do about it. Every week, it seems, some country is showing contempt for the United States in a big or small way, and all the Democrats have to show for themselves is "restraint."

On economic policy, Reagan will give everybody a tax cut. Adopting the Kemp-Roth panacea, Reagan argues that tax cuts will spur investment and productivity, make the US more competitive in world markets, cut inflation, provide jobs, enlarge business profits, and maintain government revenues adequate to provide a steady level of public services. It may well be that the Kemp-Roth promise is a chimera, but it represents a serious attempt by Republicans to deal with what actually ails the US economy. Until it has been tried and has failed, it certainly offers a better prospect of success than the Democratic formula of increasing government budgets and trying to boost productivity by giving out subsidies.

In foreign policy, Reagan has the challenger's political advantage of criticizing whatever has happened in the world that is distasteful to Americans, while avoiding specifics about what he'd do. Reagan's foreign policy is, in effect, waving the word "strength" at the problems of the world. Why should he explain anything? On the stump, he gets big applause for his old Vietnam line: "Never again should we ask our young men to die in a war that this country does not intend to win." He doesn't say whether he would have been for getting in or not. Lately, he's gotten good response with an Iran line: "Isn't it time we stopped worrying about whether we're liked and decided we're going to be respected? We should be so respected that no dictator will ever again invade an American embassy and hold our diplomats hostage." While Americans are still hostages, Reagan shouldn't say what he'd do to get them out. The point is, though, that he doesn't really have to. He only needs to attack Carter's record. And Kennedy's foreign policy is similar enough to Carter's that Reagan is likely to maintain his challenger's advantage no matter who wins the Democratic nomination.

If Reagan is vulnerable anywhere, it is in the depth of his understanding of world affairs. There is a Carter-like quality about Reagan's foreign policy—an innocence, a moralism, a lack of strategy. Most of all, there is a lack of experience. Reagan has bestirred himself to make one trip to Western Europe and another to Japan, Taiwan, and Iran during the past three years, but he has never been to the Soviet Union or China. He gets foreign policy briefings, but he has made no intensive, personal study of foreign affairs or geopolitics. He knows he doesn't like the Soviet Union. He says that the SALT treaty is an unequal deal and he is against it. But his method of getting a better deal would be to threaten the Soviets with an all-out arms race that the US theoretically could win because of its bigger economy. But what this would do to Reagan's tax-cutting plans, or whether the US public would endorse such a plan, or whether our cold war policy would tip the succession process in the Soviet Union in favor of superhawks—one has no sense that Reagan has thought or read much about these questions.

Reagan came up with a good foreign policy idea in his campaign kickoff speech—a "North American accord" between Canada, the US, and Mexico under which leaders of the three countries might work out cooperative approaches to their economic, environmental, energy, labor, and investment problems. This is a visionary proposal, but it is not in keeping with Reagan's usual style, which is short-term advantage. He would have kept the Panama Canal, even though it would have aroused enmity in the hemisphere and might have provoked a guerrilla war. He would have maintained support for the shah of Iran and for Somoza in Nicaragua, returning US policy to the side of discredited despots. Reagan is for increased defense spending, but one suspects he would indiscriminately build almost any weapon the Pentagon proposed.

In domestic affairs, Reagan lacks any positive social vision. Through tax cuts, he wants to give the American people their money back and let them spend it as they see fit. But he does not explain how this will help people who have no money in the first place and who lack the skills and education to get it. On health care, aging, education, and other social issues, there undoubtedly will be Reagan position papers. But his campaign-opening speech, designed to set the tone for his appeal for support, contained no suggestion that he wants to build a more humane America. Reagan has a kind of schoolboy's faith in the virtues of capitalism, a sophomore's certitude about the evils of big government. But he does not account for the fact that the Ford Motor Company will callously build a Pinto, knowing it will blow up, or that it takes government agencies to catch up with thalidomide and prevent repetitions of the Love Canal.

It will be hard for Democrats next year to portray Ronald Reagan as a wild or evil man, but if they get their act together, they may be able to show him as a shallow man. He is not a heavy, like John Connally or Richard Nixon, but he is open to attack as a lightweight. On his first week out campaigning, Reagan had trouble deciding whether he was for or against the Chrysler bailout, even though his schedule called for a visit to car-making country in Michigan. Even while traveling through the energy-poor Northeast, he was unable to make up his mind whether or not he thinks oil company profits are excessive. Reagan's busy campaign pace and his sunny appearance make it hard for any opponent to dispute that, even at age 68, Reagan is physically energetic enough to be president. But it is entirely possible to question whether he has ever been intellectually energetic enough for the job.

Calling Reagan names, though, will not beat him. Waiting for him to make a stupid mistake might work, but it's risky. The Democrats had better begin by

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looking to their own vulnerabilities, both electorally and on the issues. Anyone tempted to be smug should recall that the South and West, where Reagan's strength would lie in a contest against Kennedy, contain 291 electoral votes, 21 more than are needed to win the election. If Carter were nominated, Reagan would not have so firm a hold on some southern states, but he could make it up in the Northeast.

On the issues, the Democrats need to come up with better answers than they have for dealing with inflation, energy supplies, and US weakness in the world. Ronald Reagan may be too simple in his approach to govern effectively, but the Democrats right now are too confused to win the election.

Only the Jews can save the Jews.

Coming Home

by Jacobo Timerman

Tel Aviv

The Jews are always making explanations, again and again, to themselves and to non-Jews, in all countries, searching for words in all languages. What is curious is that we must always explain the same things, things that have been explained through many centuries. Each generation, of Jews and non-Jews, demands a new explanation. But it is essentially the same explanation every time.

Two things I said upon my arrival in Israel on September 27 aroused debate in the Jewish community of Argentina, as well as in some non-Jewish circles there. Needless to say, these statements were seized upon with a kind of morbid pleasure by the anti-Semitic press of Buenos Aires. I said: "Only the Jews can save the Jews. The others can only help." I also said: "At last I have found a home, my fatherland. It is a shame that the philanthropic organizations that brought my father from the Ukraine to Argentina did not bring him to Israel."

Some friends in Buenos Aires pointed out that during my imprisonment, I got very little help from the Jewish institutions in Argentina. Only two rabbis stood beside me and my family. It was not the Jewish press of Buenos Aires, but an English daily—the *Buenos Aires Herald*—that took up my case. The *Judenrat* (Jewish Council) of Buenos Aires left the task of presenting my case in the hands of lawyers retained by my family. If that organization ever mentioned my case, it did so only to register the statement in its archives, so that it could prove its concern in case anyone asked.

But I was not speaking about saving myself, about my physical safety. If I had feared for the security of my family and me, I would have left Argentina when I started to edit the newspaper *La Opinion* in 1971; from that moment I endured threats and bombing attempts from both the extreme left and the extreme right. I was even aware in April 1977 that my arrest was imminent. But I felt that my paper's struggle for democratic pluralism and human rights, against anti-Semitism and fascism, obliged me to remain.

Of course I am grateful to all those who aided in my survival and fought for my freedom. Yet in the end deliverance consists in the possibility of realizing in oneself one's own identity. It is the possibility of living an identity without the slightest possibility that that identity will be discussed, analyzed, rejected. In that transcendent sense, only the Jews can save the Jews, because only the Jews could have built the state of Israel, and only the Jews can maintain its existence, enrich its reality, assure its future. Is this so difficult to understand? How many times have we already explained it? Is it necessary to explain it again?

James Neilson, a journalist for the *Observer* of London, wrote about my expulsion from Argentina: "Had Israel not existed to give him refuge, a dozen countries in the civilized West would have been proud to do the same. The parallels with Soviet treatment of Solzhenitsyn could hardly have been more vivid." Rarely have I encountered a journalist of such courage as James Neilson, who wrote dozens of articles in the Argentinian, British, and Israeli press about my situation and the situation of thousands of other prisoners. He is a democratic man, a Christian born in England, who spent a year as a student in an Israeli kibbutz. And yet

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Jacobo Timerman, a native of Argentina, was editor of *La Opinion* in Buenos Aires. He spent two and a half years as a political prisoner there. In September he was released and settled in Israel. This article was translated from Spanish by Edith Pieper and Leon Wieseltier.

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he believes that Israel gave me refuge. That is precisely what Israel did not do. Many countries in the West, when word first got out that I might be released, quietly contacted my family and offered residence and citizenship, assistance and work. The only country that did not do this was Israel. Nor did I ask permission of Israel to come here. I came simply to take what is mine: Israeli citizenship. It is mine for being born a Jew. Nobody has to offer it to me, and of nobody need I request it. That is why Israel offered me nothing and why I requested nothing. And in the not-offering and the not-asking lies the greatness of what happened.

How can this be explained? Those who aided me, who generously offered their countries, who asked me to accept the asylum they proposed, must understand that I have not rejected their acts of friendship. They must also understand that I appreciate their help. They must also know that I have no doubt that in those democratic countries the Jewish communities may freely develop and live, and not fear persecution. But at the same time it is essential that they understand that deep within me, in my soul, in my veins, in my cells, in my atoms, I bear many centuries of persecution. And it is not refuge that I want, however generous or safe it might be.

The countries that offered me citizenship may be safer or more comfortable than Israel. But which one, except Israel, could offer me that feeling of ownership? Here I am the owner. Here I can offer refuge and help to the persecuted in other countries, to the Kurds, the Vietnamese, the Lebanese, the Cambodians. It is a feeling that is difficult to explain, an experience difficult to transmit, especially in a few quick sentences at a press conference in the airport at Tel Aviv after 30 months in prison. But was there a need for further explanations? For how many years have we been explaining this?

Through the street of many Western cities I could stroll as a secure citizen, without fearing for my safety as a man or as a Jew. This is true. But when I stroll through the streets of Tel Aviv, I do it as an owner, as the owner of every bit of ground, of every leaf on the trees. And here lies the difference between saving and helping. The Jews made Israel, and they can save me from the passionate complexities and contradictions of my Jewish identity. Outside of Israel the others can only help me to feel no longer persecuted, to live in safety.

I do not believe that those countries that offered me refuge, or those individuals and democratic institutions that assisted me, should take offense at this attitude. Some consider it patronizing or aristocratic. But it is the aristocracy of freedom, of a total and definitive freedom accepted without reserve.

We may approach the issue from another angle. There is a genre of speculative political fiction similar to science fiction. For example, there was a book several years ago about the first black president of the United States. Or imagine a pope chosen by the Kremlin. Political fiction may transport us through many adventures of the imagination: what if Hitler had invaded Britain?; what if a Nazi were elected to the White House?; etc. One theme of such speculative works often is the consequence such an event would have for Jews. But no political fiction could ever imagine that a Jew could be persecuted as such, as a Jew, in Israel.

I believe that I may never find the words that will adequately express what this feeling means to a Jew. But it is what I feel. And it is what democratic people must understand. Perhaps this way they will also understand Israel's insistence on many matters that affect its security as a state. This insistence—or stubbornness, if you wish—troubles democratic countries such as France and Germany, which have resolved their border problems after many centuries of constant war.

For this reason I again insist that only Jews can save the Jews. That is a simple sentence, nothing original, even boring. But when considered from the perspective I have been trying to explain, it is easy to understand. If certain Jews in the Diaspora feel uncomfortable with this sentence, it is because they feel obliged to make a great dialectical effort to explain that the Diaspora should continue to exist. And if many non-Jews do not understand this sentence, it is because Jewish and Zionist organizations do not often enough accept the task of keeping alive, and in the open, the fundamental principles of Jewish identity. In those countries where Jews have a clear perspective and firm conviction concerning their identity, as in the United States, this sentence should not arouse anxiety.

In other words, I now have my own home, a homeland. This affirmation frightened the *Judenrat* in Argentina: it may be supposed in the Diaspora that a homeland cannot be found. The historical meaning of my affirmation is greater than the particular events of my own experience. The Israeli newspaper *Maariv* recently published letters from Argentinian political leaders pointing out that the annulment of my Argentinian citizenship should not disturb me, that it was a decision taken in peculiar political circumstances. And so in fact it was. And I have no doubt that justice, and the political future in Argentina, will permit me again to obtain Argentinian citizenship if I ask. But I will not ask. Never. And this must not be understood as a negation of the Argentinian people, or of the 50 years that I lived there. My act is an affirmation, not a negation. It is the affirmation that there exists a Jewish history that is legitimate, a Jewish historical memory that cannot be discarded. It is the affirmation of that process of national liberation called Zionism which goes beyond my own story. It matters little what happens to me personally. What matters is that in the face of any eventuality that may befall any Jew, in any part of the world, for just or unjust reasons, Israel remains a homeland to which he or she can come without explanations. And here that Jew is as much the master

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as those thousands of Jews whose families have lived here for generations, many of them as long as or longer than most of the Arabs who inhabit other parts of Palestine. Even those countries that are most open to refugees present certain conditions: they ask to know about background, education, health, and so on. Only Israel presents no conditions in its offer of a homeland.

Zionism is not a movement of persecuted people; it is a movement of free people. It is in the democracies, in the countries from which Jews do not need to escape, that Zionism develops most strongly, and where it has its best results. This is precisely because Israel offers much more than a refuge. It offers a unique possibility for the perfection of man: the development of his identity to its furthest and most profound conclusions. Our historical memory, the memory of many holocausts past, and the idea that nobody can guarantee the impossibility of holocausts in the future, however remote they seem, is an integral part of Zionism. It is only one part, and perhaps the decisive part. But the crucial feature of Zionism is national liberation, identity. There may be those who wish to portray this as the negation of the Diaspora. But it is something more important: it is the affirmation of the future. I am here in Israel to be part of the future. Not to be the result of the past.

The collapse of the middle class.

White-Collar Status Panic

by Paul Blumberg

The unprecedented inflation of the past decade has produced dramatic changes in the customary income differences between white-collar and blue-collar workers. In 11 years between 1967 and 1978, prices, as reflected in the consumer price index, virtually doubled. Just to stay even with inflation before taxes, a worker's pay had to double. The figures in Table I reveal that among American wage and salary workers, only those in strong trade unions have been protected from the effects of inflation. These few workers continued to enjoy real wage increases much as they did in the earlier postwar period. The figures given here are all before taxes; recent inflation has driven all workers into higher tax brackets, so the after-tax trends in income are far gloomier for those who have done the best. Nevertheless, the relatively small groups of workers in steel, auto, mining, trucking, and the like, whose wages are indexed to the cost of living, have managed to ride the inflation escalator and make decent gains in this period. The industrial worker's greatest hedge against inflation in the last decade has not been gold, stamps, antiques, real estate, or baseball cards, but a strong trade union.

Blue-collar workers in weaker unions or in industries that have been hard hit by imports—textile, garment, shoe workers—either have seen their living standards fall or barely are holding their own. The same is true of practically all white-collar workers, most of whom are non-unionized. A few high-level executives (such as federal managers) have made modest gains, but most non-unionized white-collar clerical, sales, and professional workers are slipping backward or are barely keeping up. White-collar workers who have done the worst are those who started the period with relatively high incomes. Their salary increases have pushed them into sharply higher tax brackets. The clearest example is that of full professors. On the average, their real salaries between 1967 and 1978 dropped 9.5 percent before taxes and about 17.5 percent after taxes. The only other large group to lose as much ground, proportionally, was families on welfare, who suffered a 16.5 percent loss of income between 1967 and 1978.

Because the wages of blue-collar workers protected by strong cost-of-living allowances are rising so much more rapidly than the salaries of white-collar workers not so protected, these industrial workers have made striking gains on most salaried employees in the last decade. Table II illustrates this by comparing the earnings of automobile workers with the earnings of various white-collar employees to illustrate these crucial income shifts. The wages of autoworkers, tied to the cost of living, have dramatically outpaced the salaries of white-collar workers at all levels. Compared to low-level clerical and retail sales workers,

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Table I

Trends in Earnings, Selected Occupations, 1967 to 1978

Occupation	Average Gross Annual Income 1967	1978	percent change after inflation
Consumer price index	100	195.4	
Steelworker	$ 7,426	$19,573	+34.9%
Coalminer	7,738	19,822	+31.1
Automobile worker	7,613	18,658	+25.4
Truck driver	6,843	16,432	+22.9
Federal civil servant, GS-16 (non-political manager)	20,982	44,756	+9.2
Electrical/electronics worker	5,762	12,126	+7.7
Textile worker	4,285	8,923	+6.6
Rubber worker	7,862	16,266	+5.9
Urban schoolteacher	7,464	15,450	+5.9
Accountant, level III (of V)	8,879	18,115	+4.4
Keypunch operator	3,454	8,034 (1977)	+4.4
Department store nonsupervisory employee	4,285	8,736	+4.3
Municipal policeman	6,482	13,190	+4.1
Urban secretary	5,772	10,816	+3.2
Federal civil servant, GS-12 (white-collar professional)	11,461	23,087	+3.1
Urban typist	3,874	7,176 (1977)	+2.1
Computer programmer	9,984	19,608	+.5
Apparel worker	4,222	8,195	0
Chemist, level VIII (top)	24,676	47,156	-2.2
Insurance company nonsupervisory employee	5,782	10,878	-3.7
Shoe worker	4,181	7,800	-4.5
College professor (average all ranks)	11,114	17,601 (1976-77)	-7.1
Bank nonsupervisory employee	4,864	8,757	-7.9
College professor (full)	17,158	30,353	-9.5
Librarian	7,305	11,894 (1977)	-10.3
Welfare recipient (per family)	1,894	3,089	-16.5

autoworkers have widened an already commanding lead. Compared to middle-level white-collar workers, professionals, and technicians, autoworkers have achieved parity and in some cases pulled ahead.

In some ways, these figures exaggerate blue-collar gains. However high their wage rates, manual workers are still hourly employees, with all the uncertainty that implies. Blue-collar workers still have far less job security, are far more vulnerable to chronic and unpredictable layoffs, and have considerably higher unemployment rates than salaried white-collar workers. Steelworkers and autoworkers made income gains in the past decade, but recently there have been heavy layoffs in both the steel and auto industries. The closing of the large Campbell works of Youngstown Sheet & Tube in Ohio and the deepening problems at Chrysler are the most visible recent examples of how fragile working-class affluence is. Also, the wage spread for various blue-collar careers, from the lowest to the highest income, is tightly compressed, especially compared to the salary range in top-level white-collar jobs. The average autoworker's wage may seem quite high, but no one can advance very much above the average.

The status of white-collar workers traditionally has rested in part on the fact that they have been paid more than manual workers. This has been thought to be as central to the social position of white-collar work as its setting in the office rather than the factory and other features that distinguish it from manual toil. But blue-collar income actually has been increasing somewhat faster than white-collar income throughout the 20th century. The gap between the best-paid blue-collar workers and the worst-paid white-collar workers disappeared many years ago. What is new about the past decade is the tremendous acceleration of this trend. By 1958 autoworkers already earned considerably more than bank employees—155 percent, on average. Over the next decade, 1958 to 1968, they increased the lead only slightly, to 165 percent. But then, between 1968 to 1978, autoworkers stretched their lead enormously. They now make more than twice what nonsupervisory bank employees do.

If "relative deprivation" is one cause of social discontent, then many white-collar employees now have a double reason for unrest. First, they are no longer making the economic gains they were long accustomed to in the postwar era; often, they are actually worse off than they remember being a few years ago. Second, they are losing ground more rapidly than ever to a visible group of blue-collar workers. In a society where money is the measure of social worth, what happens when clerical workers and retail salespeople discover that factory workers are suddenly earning, not merely slightly more than they, but two or three times what they are making; when schoolteachers and librarians are being left behind in the factory dust; when unionized blue-collar workers

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are quickly closing in even on college professors who have invested years in graduate school to prepare for their careers?

Today the middle-class struggle to maintain what it regards as appropriate income differentials is collapsing. Salaried workers inevitably will begin to feel that their incomes are no longer commensurate with their social worth, and that people who are socially inferior to themselves are being allowed to pull outrageously ahead. When rank—or imagined rank—no longer gets its due, social order is in danger.

The stagnation of white-collar incomes and the rapid deterioration of their incomes relative to highly unionized manual workers can be expected to intensify middle-class malaise and contribute to what C. Wright Mills called white-collar status panic. In England, Sweden, and Israel, where the white-collar premium has virtually disappeared, white-collar frustration has led to furious trade union and political struggle to recapture traditional differentials. Will the comparative decline of white-collar income in the US lead to the much-delayed explosion in white-collar unionism? Will the obvious success of strong industrial unions in protecting their members from inflation show the way for salaried workers? The consolidation of unionism among American public schoolteachers and the rapid growth of public employee unionism are harbingers. The unprecedented deterioration in their real incomes has caused a sudden burst of support among college professors for faculty unionism. Union promoters may start finding a receptive audience among professional groups traditionally thought to be unorganizable. For the mass of clerical, sales, technical, and professional employees who don't find an economic (or at least an emotional) release through unionism, the pressure on white-collar salaries may merely produce more lower-middle-class brooding, private anguish, and class resentment toward blue-collar workers. And it may generate more, not less, white-collar antagonism toward trade unions and inflation caused by "excessive" union settlements.

Table II

Average Earnings of Automobile Workers as a Percentage of Average Earnings of White-Collar Workers, 1967 and 1978

Occupation	1967	1978
Typist	197%	253% (1977)
Department store nonsupervisory employee	179	214
Keypunch operator	180	213 (1977)
Bank nonsupervisory employee	156	213
Federal civil servant, GS-5 (clerical)	137	178
Insurance company nonsupervisory employee	132	172
Secretary	132	158
Librarian	104	144 (1977)
Schoolteacher	102	121
Accountant, level III	86	103
Computer programmer	76	95
Engineer, level III	74	92
College professor (average all ranks)	68	88 (1976-77)
Federal civil servant, GS-12 (white-collar professional)	66	81
College professor (full)	44	61
Engineer, level VIII (top)	34	44
Chemist, level VIII (top)	31	40

The euphoric postwar era of continuously rising living standards for all Americans is decisively over. In that generation of naive prosperity, relative class harmony was achieved by rapidly rising productivity and economic expansion. Economic growth obviated a raw struggle over redistribution. John Kenneth Galbraith wrote in *The Affluent Society* (1958): ". . . it has become evident to conservatives and liberals alike that increasing aggregate output is an alternative to redistribution or even to the reduction of inequality. The oldest and most agitated of social issues [equality], if not resolved, is at least largely in abeyance, and the disputants have concentrated their attention, instead, on the goal of increasing productivity." But this is no longer true. Figures collected by the Department of Labor show that average workers' real earnings have not increased for 14 years (since 1965). Figures gathered by the US Census Bureau show that real family income has not grown significantly since the end of the 1960s. With the rapid international decline of American capitalism, alarming slowdowns in productivity growth, and the ensuing stagnation of living standards, we have entered a period where growth is no longer an alternative to redistribution. In fact, redistribution has now become the only way to increase one's living standards.

What we may expect as Americans begin fighting over the scraps is not only what used to be called an "intensification of the class struggle," but the intensification of the struggle among all competing groups in the society: racial, sexual, generational, regional, and so on. Whatever natural fissures or cleavages already exist may become the basis for social conflict. At the end of the 1970s, after a generation of unprecedented postwar prosperity, America finds itself paradoxically undergoing a revolution of falling expectations.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Soviet Sixtieth

The newly edited Eisenstein film discussed last week was the opening item in a bill of seven recent pictures that the USSR showed in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles: they wanted to celebrate the 60th anniversary of Soviet film with latter-day examples of their work. (Reportedly, two of the pictures will be separately released here.) I've now seen five of the six others on the program, and they're worth discussing, in themselves and as national samples. One can't reach grand conclusions about the state of Soviet film from them—the annual output of features in the 1970s was about 130—still the USSR has chosen to be represented by them.

The ads and publicity carry the cult of anti-personality to an extreme. I saw no mention that two of the five screenplays, *Autumn Marathon* and *Five Evenings*, were by the outstanding Soviet playwright Alexander Volodin and that the latter script was adapted from his well-known play. Nor was there a mention that Nikita Mikhalkov, who directed *Five Evenings*, plays an important role in *Siberiade*, which was directed by his brother. Nor that the brother, Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky, previously made a film of *Uncle Vanya* which was praised in the US. (Though not by me. *TNR*, June 17, 1972.)

Volodin's two screenplays have a tonal resemblance: both are about the puzzles and pleasures of love and sex. With some changes of setting and detail, they could have been filmed in any Western country. *Autumn Marathon*—perhaps not the most winsome title in the history of cinema—is about a married man, 40 or so, a translator of English, who is having an affair with his young assistant and is hurting her and his wife by his inability to choose between them. After a seeming decision, he continues with both women, continuing egocentrically to hurt both, who will apparently endure it. It's an unadventurous picture whose neatness is its chief asset. It has the best color photography of all five films, and it was competently directed by Georgi Danelia. Its main trouble is that the actors, though able enough, have little charm—in a picture that must live, if it's going to, by stimulating our vicarious fantasy. Leningrad, the setting of the story, is more appealing than the actors.

Four out of five of these films deal, directly or otherwise, with the effect of World War II on survivors. Volodin's *Five Evenings* is set in Moscow in 1957. The hero is, again, about 40. He is a visitor to the city and is having a post-coital snack in a young woman's apartment when he glances out the window and realizes that the house across the street is where he boarded for a time during the war. He goes over, remeets a woman with whom he once had an affair, and spends five evenings with her. Their eventual reunion is inevitable, but on the road to it, both selves are faced, deceptions are clarified—usually comically—and we see some of the consequences of the war, for this generation and for the generation that followed. (It reminded me a bit of Aleksei Arbuzov's good play *The Promise*.) *Five Evenings* is in black and white, to suggest its period, I suppose, but suddenly at the end it goes into color, to suggest the future, I suppose. As with *Autumn Marathon*, the very neatness of Volodin's structure is part of the film's modest pleasure.

The Orphans may have been suggested by Nikolai Ekk's *Road to Life* (1931), which dealt with the rehabilitation of boys made homeless by the Revolution and the Civil War. But *The Orphans* is much softer and patchier. Alexei, a vagrant 10-year-old orphan of World War II is thieving to live when he's put into a state school—a lovely country house—with similar boys and a patient staff of Soviet teachers. One of the teachers is a young woman on whom the boy gets a crush; another is a man who one day loses his temper and hits Alexei. After rebuke by his colleagues, the man withdraws, weeps, is discovered by the boy. This process of education is in flashback, interwoven with the grown-up Alexei, a writer, who visits his two very different brothers. It's horribly easy to understand why the Soviets concentrate on what the war did to children, but this film never gets past facile representation of suffering and of the state's unfailing love. The cinematic methods of the director, Nikolai Gubenko, are latter-day French as filtered through Middle Europe, but he has worked well with the young Alexei, a boy named Youzas Budraitis.

Within the Soviet Union there are film groups located in the various member republics. Out of Georgia came one of the most delicate postwar Soviet films, Georgi Shengelaya's *Pirosmani* (*TNR*, June 10, 1978). Out of Armenia comes *Life Triumphs*, directed by Genrikh Malyan. It's set in the early 1920s, but it has parallels with the days after World War II. A man has survived the massacre of his wife and children by Turks: we see how he lives through numbness to start again. The soundtrack is dreadful. When the man walks on a dirt road, it sounds as if he were clumping on a wooden platform; when a woman announces her pregnancy, female voices burst into song. The color (as in most of these

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. Possibly prototypical of American filmmaking right now. Stunning virtuosity, but thematically, psychologically, morally vacuous.

Breaking Away. Charm and bite in a modest comedy about small-town adolescent fantasies and facts.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. An innocent bystander in the time of Jesus gets shanghaied into being a messiah himself. Wickedly, wisely witty.

Nosferatu. Klaus Kinski *acts* Dracula for the first time. A visually rich, though still not very substantial remake of the 1923 Murnau film.

SK

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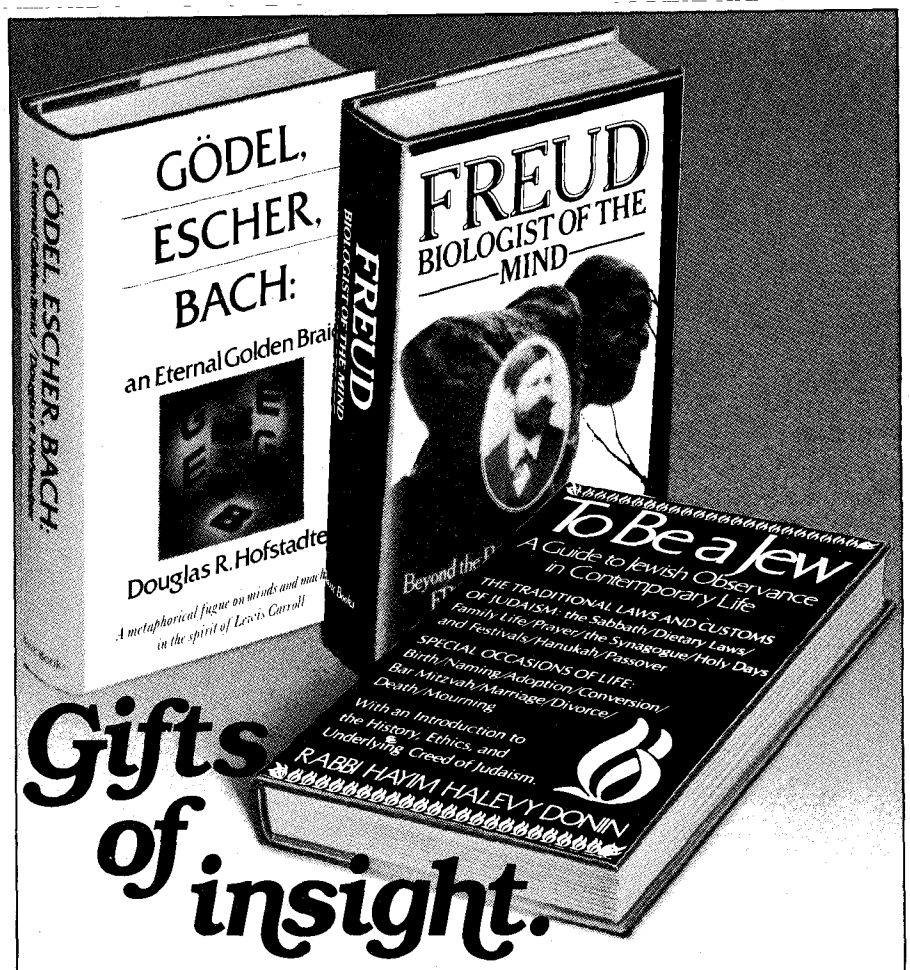
films) is just barely passable. The goodheartedness of the Soviet agent, who is redistributing land, is fabulously unfailing. And the overall pace of the film suffers from the mimetic fallacy: it's as slow as these taciturn Armenian peasants. But the director does understand his people, and the dignity of these actors is awesome. After a considerable while, they give the film some grip. *Life Triumphs* is like a folk artifact that needs its clumsiness to reach authentically whatever quality it has.

The most extraordinary of the five films, and almost a fine work, is *Siberiade*, mentioned earlier. This is a three-and-a-half-hour film equivalent of a *roman-fleuve*, set mostly in a remote Siberian hamlet. It begins at the turn of the century and ends in the 1960s when the government drills for oil there; the several episodes are connected by newsreel collages (including a surprising glimpse of Trotsky as commander of the Red Army). The story is borne on the device of hatred between two families in the hamlet, but, twice during the decades, a man and a woman from the opposing families fall in love. The second time, the woman is played by Ludmila Gurchenko, who is the leading woman of *Five Evenings* and who is sympathetic in both roles.

Siberiade has real achievements: the lonely magnificence of the Siberian landscape, the quickly and sharply etched acting of the large cast, the quintessential feeling of the passage of years and years—done not by a montage of falling calendar pages but by a conviction of experience. And one of the few episodes out of the hamlet—a World War II episode—is one of the most realistic war sequences I can remember. There isn't much fighting: it takes place after the battle. The sense of slaughter *having* happened there is overwhelming.

But in the last long episode, *Siberiade* reverts to the filmic platitudes of the 1930s: backward peasants cling to old ways and finally learn, through the patience of government agents, that change is for the best. I'm sure this actually happened many times in remote parts of the USSR: it's the treatment of it in films that has become stilted and self-parodic. The idea was used at its highest in Eisenstein's *The General Line*; at its worst it was the boy-meets-tractor story. Toward its finish, *Siberiade* turns its back on art to do the state some service.

In sum, the quality of these five films—which, I underscore, the USSR chose to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represent it—is not greatly impressive. In concept, intent, and execution they are below the level of many films in the last decade from Hungary, Poland, and Yugoslavia or those that came from Czechoslovakia in the 1960s. (Some of the most finished work in the world, technically speaking, comes from those countries.) These five pictures, very far from the Soviet peaks of the 1920s, are not as good, finally, as *Pirosmani* or Josef Heifitz's *Lady with a Dog* (1959). And the political propaganda in these new Soviet films is, unsurprisingly, cruder than in most films we see from Soviet satellites.

The one postwar Soviet director I know of who is comparable to the early great ones is Andrei Tarkovsky, whose *Andrei Rublev*, even in the mutilated version shown here, is marvelous (*TNR*, November 3, 1973). Tarkovsky's subsequent science-fiction film *Solaris* was disappointing, but persuasive reports say that in his next film, *A Mirror*, he is himself again. Tarkovsky has had his troubles with Soviet authorities. Nothing of his is included in this festival program. Possibly that fact tells us as much as do these five films about the state of Soviet cinema 60 years after.

John Canaday on art books

Christmas round-up

There are so many first-rate art books this season that it might be a good idea before commenting on the best of them to vent a bit of spleen on one book that got spoiled in the designer's studio during its journey from authors to readers.

Art book designers fall into two classes, I discover. There are those who recognize that their function is to serve the text and illustrations, to correlate them and present them as clearly and attractively as possible within a set of conditions imposed by page size, budget, and the like. Those are the good guys. Then there are those who regard this same material as raw stuff for manipulation, which often means distortion, to serve the ends of effective design first, and to hell with the author—not to mention Goya, Leonardo da Vinci, Ingres, Rembrandt, Seurat, and a lot of other artists who are the designer's victims in what was potentially the finest book of this season, *Drawing: History of an Art*, by Geneviève Monnier and Bernice Rose (Rizzoli, $75). Geneviève Monnier is curator of the department of drawings at the Louvre, and has done a beautiful job of organizing her history from the caves of prehistory through the 19th century. Bernice Rose occupies a similar position at the Museum of Modern Art and her chapter on the 20th century inevitably has a bit of the character of an appendix. But both of these authorities chose brilliant examples from the hundreds—thousands—available.

Here was the rarest of opportunities in the design of art books, a combination of subject and format that would allow the majority of the illustrations to be reproduced at exact size of the originals on a page large enough, also, to eliminate any advantage of bleeding at a margin—a favorite designer's device that makes the illustration look as if it were hanging on for its life to an edge of the paper. To say that the book survives in spite of the designer—he is a great bleeder when the spirit hits him, but is not consistent even in this imperfection—is a tribute to its distinguished authors and to the excellence of most of the color plates. But I wonder how Geneviève Monnier feels when she sees her comment on "the sharpness, purity, and flexibility" of Ingres's pencil line illustrated by an example that at exact size would have looked beautiful on a page with generous margins, enlarged instead to crowd the edges of the page, with the lines consequently gray and fuzzy; or when she sees a wonderfully vigorous Goya enlarged so that it looks like an athlete gone to fat. The dimensions of the paper on which an artist is drawing automatically determine a degree of freedom or precision according to his manner, and the trouble with art books is that reduction in size is often unavoidable. How absurd then to reproduce the Morgan Library's beautiful Rembrandt of a woman walking downstairs carrying a child, which could have been at exact size, in an enlargement that makes Rembrandt's marvelous economy of notation look inflated and empty. Offending in the opposite direction, the designer has reduced one of Seurat's early cast drawings to a miniature surrounded by generous white margins on a full page because it makes a nice designer's accent that way. These deformities occur throughout the book.

As a drawing fancier I am keeping this book on my shelf, but anyone unfamiliar with the material should read the dimensions every time. Anyone who *is* familiar with the originals is going to be irritated from cover to cover.

Perhaps because of this disappointment in a book I had looked forward to, I have paid more attention than usual to the design of this season's crop, whose virtues can be described more briefly than the shortcomings of *Drawing: History of an Art*. Here, then, are some notable books, in no rigid order of merit.

Balthus, by Jean Leymarie (Rizzoli, $100). No problem here. This is surely the year's finest book on the work of a single artist living or dead, and as fine as any in many a year. You may say that at the price it should be, but $100 would not be excessive for a portfolio of the 48 color plates, large and of superb quality, and 18 drawings, that accompany the text. Balthus occupies a curious place among contemporary painters—at least in this country, where his work in public museums is disproportionately rare for an artist of such importance. His full stature has yet to be revealed in anything like a comprehensive exhibition, but a relatively small one at the Pierre Matisse gallery in New York two or three years ago was an unexpected popular success, attracting big crowds, as well as a more predictable critics' delight. This is the first book on Balthus and it is going to be hard to beat. Jean Leymarie's text avoids philosophical ramblings of the kind that Balthus's enigmatic, secretly symbolical, and sometimes curiously erotic art could easily have inspired. Mr. Leymarie sticks instead to biographical facts connected with the paintings and defensible analyses of some of them. Along the way he makes rewarding extensions of his subject into the field of art in general. As to design, the book is a simple, straightforward blocking out of type and picture areas in agreeable proportions. No tricks.

John Canaday is former art critic for the *New York Times*.

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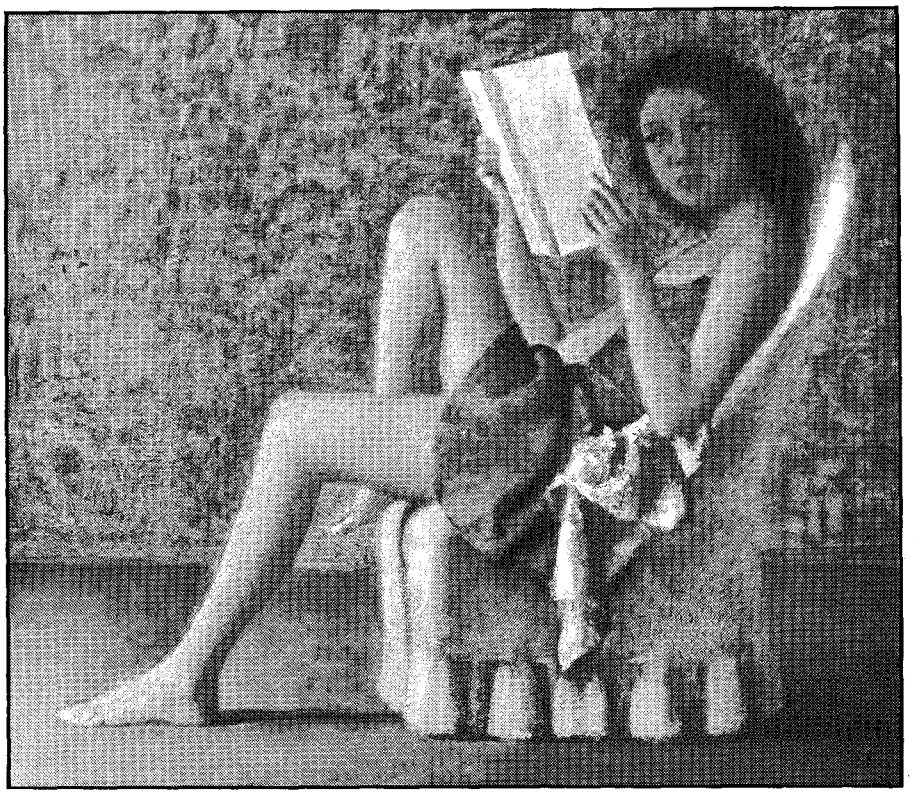


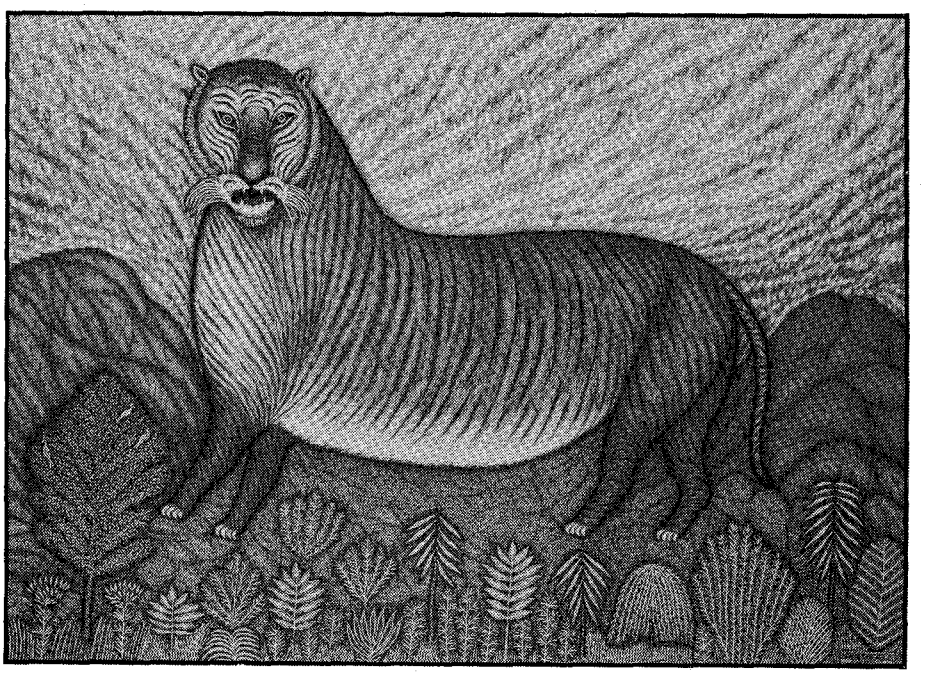
"Katia Reading" (1968-75), Private Collection. From *Balthus.*

Ernst Fuchs, by Ernst Fuchs with an introduction by Marcel Brion (Abrams, $55). This one deserves an appropriate prize, perhaps a rotting carcass preserved in amber, in recognition of its having achieved perfect harmony between its subject matter and its theatrical design. Fuchs is a Viennese surrealist born in 1930, who makes his aging mentor, Salvador Dali, look like Tom Swift. Although he says that he seeks "to capture the vision and phantasms of the human spirit, by means of the regained technical virtuosity of the old masters," Fuchs by the evidence of his work is an expert technician devoid of any true inventive powers who plagiarizes the old masters, distorting their pictures into sexual morbidities suggestive of the yearnings of a very sick adolescent. Not that Fuchs is sick. He is quite shrewd in his manipulation of his material. It is dreadful to see what he does to Schongauer, Dürer, Grünewald, and the early Italians, along with a mishmash of borrowings from later artists including the pre-Raphaelites, Ingres, Doré, Klimt, and Redon. But from its magenta binding stamped in gold on through its chemically brilliant color plates, the book is a perfect presentation of its subject. (Originally published by Draeger, Paris, in 1977.)

An American Bestiary, by Mary Sayre Haverstock (Abrams, $35). Here is an enchanting double-header. Without a word of text it could stand as a fascinating album filled with pictures of beasts, birds, and fish—and an occasional imaginary creature—as artists both anonymous and famous have seen them in America since the 16th century, especially during the 19th. The American limitation is not at all arbitrary: the title of a key chapter, "America: Peaceable Kingdom or Howling Wilderness?" indicates the special American relationship between an advanced civilization and the vast wild areas into which it was expanding, a relationship that gave the American 19th century a character unlike that of any other place at any other time in the history of the world. The author's unifying theme is the interaction between man and nature under these circumstances, but her text is also an amalgam of social history, art history, aesthetic appraisal, and ecological concern, all enlivened by a strongly personal but never obtrusive point of view. All art books should be as good reading as this one, and as well made. The illustrations, whether in black and white or color, are large and clear, and wide-ranging, with extended titles that constitute essentially an auxiliary text.

The Democratic Art: Pictures for a 19th-Century America, by Peter C. Marzio (Godine, in association with the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth, $39.95 until December 31, then $50). Here is the year's most pleasant surprise. Its subject, the chromolithographs produced by the millions in America to feed a naive 19th-century public's insatiable appetite for culture, would be treated by most writers in an arch and condescending manner—the word "chromo" having become synonymous with low-grade popular art. Mr. Marzio's extensive text is both scholarly and lively, sympathetic but not partisan. The illustrations, while small, are splendid in their variety and exquisitely reproduced. In an engaging epilogue Mr. Marzio lists 55 chromos that he would be happy to hang on his own walls, telling why in each case. The whole book is delightful, quietly faultless in design and manufacture.

The Great Book of Currier & Ives' America,



"Tiger" (1940) by Morris Hirshfield (Museum of Modern Art). From *An American Bestiary.*

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by Walton Rawls (Abbeville Press, $75 until December 31, $85 thereafter). By dimensions and poundage this is the year's superwhopper, and it justifies its every ounce and its every fractional cubic inch, as well as every penny of its price. The chromolithographs issued by the firm of Currier & Ives over most of the 19th century ranged from documentary views combining detailed accuracy with pictorial beauty, to those grotesquely sentimental or pious subjects that are too often first associated with the product. What with 439 reproduced, of which 328 are in accurate color, and 34 of these double-paged, all types and periods of Currier & Ives chromos are well represented. As for the text, Walter Rawls's acquaintance with the 19th-century American scene is encyclopedic, but he has the ability to present it so briskly that you may be unaware that you are reading social history. Fact is, it is difficult to say whether *The Great Book of Currier & Ives' America* ends as an art book with explanatory text, or a history book with illustrations. In either case this is a beautifully balanced combination in a beautifully made book.

Hungarian Folk Art, by Támas Hofer and Edit Fél (Oxford, $29.95). This is a bang-up beautiful book in which the black and whites in their excellence rival the color plates. (There are 638 illustrations in all.) Folk arts of all times and places since the 17th century, where this book begins, share common characteristics, and aficionados will find resemblances to such relatives as Pennsylvania Dutch, Mexican, Japanese (pottery), and even central African tomb sculptures—as well as a semi-symbiotic relationship with Picasso's ceramics, for that matter, with Picasso the debtor. But there is a sturdiness to the Hungarian examples that is explained by the authors' text, where the art is tied to the life of the people in a way that eliminates that dreadful adjective "quaint," applicable to so much folk art. The designer, István Faragó, has taken advantage of every opportunity to present the material at its best. Altogether, the book is something of a gem, and the price is low in relation to the high quality of production.

Artistes Pompiers, by James Harding (Rizzoli, $14.95, paper). "Pompiers" is the derogatory nickname for 19th-century academic painters. In spite of art historians' efforts over the last 20 years or so to establish a working relationship with them, they are still cast as the villainous autocrats who were finally routed by the forces of virtue, the impressionists. Some of the pompiers' stuff was indeed awful, but the division has been too black and white. One had to hate Bouguereau in order to love Manet. Mr. Hardin works toward a more sensible balance; some forgotten pompiers of merit are brought to light, and the academic contribution to the art of the rebel artists is recognized. The book is lively reading for anyone who has even an elementary acquaintance with 19th-century French art. Excellent illustrations, and a serviceable appendix of 67 biographies.

Kandinsky, by Hans K. Roethel in collaboration with Jean K. Benjamin (Hudson Hills Press, $35). In order to explain why this book does not send me into fits of ecstacy, I must admit that while I recognize Kandinsky's crucial historical importance in the art of our century, and while I can sympathize with the goals he set himself and understand his way of going about achieving them, I have never been able to respond with any kind of spontaneous pleasure when confronted by his paintings, which always impress me as demonstrations of a theory rather than as works of art. Well, this happens sometimes, and nothing can be done about it. If anything could, this excellent book by the foremost authority on Kandinsky, obviously destined to become a standard book on his life and work, with analyses of individual paintings paired with color plates of high quality, would certainly have brought me around. It didn't. But even for anyone with an irremediable Kandinsky blind spot, the biographical section of the book is extraordinarily interesting.

Degas, by Ian Dunlop (Harper & Row, $37.50). The color plates in this book are so awful that the first impulse is to throw it out entirely. Harsh there, pallid there, accurate nowhere, the plates are a running refutation of the text; they have nothing to do with the skills and sensitivities of the man the author is writing about. But the black and whites are large and clear, and Mr. Dunlop has supplied a good solid wall-to-wall biographical/critical summary that has been needed for a long time in spite of the gratifying number of excellent books on specialized aspects of Degas's work and personality. The design, following a routine double-column pattern, is undistinguished but serviceable.

Kilims: Flat-woven Tapestry Rugs, by Yanni Petsopoulos (Rizzoli, $85). This is another of those books, like a similar one on Persian carpets from the same publisher last year, that make anyone interested in the subject want to say, "Thank you! Thank you!" It is difficult to see how a book of such limited appeal, so opulently produced, can make its way on the market even at its high price. In any case, here it is, and if there is anything left unexplored on the subject, technically or aesthetically, I don't know what it could be. Kilims, flat-woven as opposed to the pile-woven oriental rugs that are more highly esteemed, offer geometrical patterns as wondrous as those found in any art form anywhere, any time. The plates stimulate a lust for ownership, but it is getting late for that: stepchildren in the world of textiles only 20 years ago, kilims became expensive collectors' items during the 1960s. This book on your table is the best possible substitute for a kilim on your floor.

Reconsideration.

The New Industrial State

by Herbert Gintis

John Kenneth Galbraith is a scandal. He is too tall for comfort. His collection of Indian art is unsurpassed in good taste—and sensuality. His wit is Voltairesque. He has more than his share of passionate detractors. The breadth of his writing is shocking. And he sells: *The Affluent Society* alone has graced far more bookshelves than Adam Smith's classic *Wealth of Nations*.

That he is also a major thinker surely strains the bounds of mortality. Yet *The*

Herbert Gintis is professor of economics at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst.

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New Industrial State, (Houghton Mifflin; $6.95 paper) whose third edition has just appeared, is a major interpretation of modern economic life. It is an interpretation, moreover, that has uncommon relevance for the politics of the coming years.

I

The New Industrial State challenges the better part of traditional economic doctrine. Subtle niceties aside, this traditional doctrine—neoclassical economics, as it is known—depicts the distribution of goods and services in society as a reflection of consumer preferences. Consumers indicate these preferences by voting with their dollars in the marketplace, and the competition among producers guarantees that production will follow consumer demand. In addition, profit maximization ensures efficiency and minimum cost in production, independent of the whims of the capitalist. Neoclassical economics, then, is a theory of the ultimate sovereignty of the consumer.

Traditional economics *evaluates* as well as *describes* the operation of the market economy. An elegant specialty called "welfare economics" demonstrates that the system of consumer sovereignty gives the best of all possible worlds, in that the social welfare cannot be improved by reorganizing any of the parameters and institutions of economic life. There are, however, three provisos. First, the wealth distribution must be equitable. Voting with our dollars allows the affluent to stuff the ballot box. Without a fair distribution of purchasing power, the ultimate composition of goods and services will not be optimal. A second proviso is that consumers be good judges of their well-being, and have accurate economic information. Finally, all goods must be suitably *private*. Some goods are by their nature *public*, and would be severely undersupplied under market conditions. (Examples are public utilities and parks, transportation systems, and what has come to be known as national defense.) Moreover, some goods are inherently non-private in their production or consumption. The producer contaminating the water or air and the consumer driving an unsafe or ecologically unsound automobile are producing "externalities" which cannot be accounted for in the market system.

Galbraith was not the first to recognize the critical nature of these provisos in the neoclassical paradigm. Over the past few decades, standard economics has come increasingly to realize the importance of the state in securing these conditions of welfare maximization. The government must redistribute income to achieve equity, monitor consumer information, and directly produce or closely regulate the provisioning of public goods. It must also ensure that such externalities as pollution and crowding do not exceed their proper levels and that their costs be borne by the proper persons.

Economic doctrine today is thus a far cry from Adam Smith's vision of laissez-faire. Modern liberals have castigated traditional economics for its bias against government intervention. Galbraith's critique, however, drives deeper, by attacking the very concept of consumer sovereignty. Consumers may vote in the marketplace with their dollars and in the state with their ballots, but neither really counts. The center of power in contemporary capitalism is the bureaucratically organized corporate monolith. *Producer* rather than *consumer* sovereignty holds sway.

Producer sovereignty is inherent in the system, argues Galbraith. The long planning horizons, staggering capital advances, and the technological complexity of modern industry dictate that

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SUSAN MOLLER OKIN

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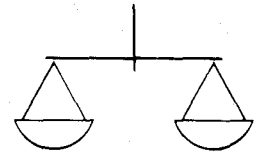
Justice and Reverse Discrimination

ALAN H. GOLDMAN



A timely discussion of one of the thorniest and most passionately debated moral questions to have arisen in the U.S. in years: the justice (or injustice) of reverse discrimination in job hiring, school admissions, and training program policies. In an effort to bring philosophical clarity to this stormy debate, Goldman considers both of the sides issue in the context of a fair and balanced treatment, and argues that an appeal to justice has priority over strictly utilitarian or legal claims.
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THE TIPSY WOMAN (after Manet)

She was not always so.

In fact, just this morning,
waking up between grey sheets,
she saw the world as it is—
make-shift, full of endless detail.

After the first drink
her blood began to hazard the rapids;
she combed her hair.

After the second drink she could say,
to nobody in particular:
"Shall I wear the bombazine or
peau de soie? And which
of my hundreds of bonnets?"

After the third drink
she chose the black straw
and made her way carefully down the stairs
with their carpet of monstrous roses,
through beveled-glass doors and out
into the street.

It was Paris in the '70s.
There was still too much of everything.
She winced at the light
and turned towards a café.

After the anisette
she will permit us to find her,
dreaming over a plum in a glass dish.

Jane Flanders

the firm be liberated from the vagaries of public taste and crusades of popularly elected leaders. The modern corporation pacifies the market mechanism by vertically integrating to control its sources of supply, by scuttling price competition within industries, and by securing sales for its product. Sales are secured by manipulating demand through advertising, and more subtly by fostering the "American ethic" of passive consumption. The modern corporation controls the state by financing electoral campaigns, through its powerful lobbying effort, and through the impact of its investment decisions on the nation's health. Thus the automobile industry determines the mix of private and public transport and the defense industry dictates the military budget.

Galbraith's is a radical, if now familiar, onslaught on economic orthodoxy. Has it affected the economic profession? Not at all. Galbraith is of course treated with tolerant respect—trotted out on special occasions as evidence of professional broad-mindedness. Why this equanimity in the face of the intellectual power of *The New Industrial State*? Galbraith's own explanation, which is characteristically barbed, is surely insufficient: "It is a far, far better thing to have a firm anchor in nonsense than to put out on the troubled seas of thought."

Perhaps 11 years is too short a time to expect significant change in a paradigm with the historical lineage of neoclassical economics. Yet Galbraith's is not the first challenge. Indeed he stands squarely in the tradition of institutional economics, which has mounted constant criticism of orthodoxy since the time of Thorstein Veblen. The affinity between these two men is as striking as it is deep. Galbraith's *Affluent Society*, with its stress on the foibles of the manipulated consumer, is a direct descendant of Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*, with its anthropological emphasis on the ethic of "conspicuous consumption." And *The New Industrial State*'s stress on the takeover of the managerial functions in the firm by a "technostructure" of trained specialists is a direct parallel to Veblen's argument in *The Engineers and the Price System* that the ultimate demise of capitalism lies in the hands of the corps of engineers, who control the course of growth and progress. "Invention," Veblen once wrote, "is the mother of necessity." A more apt summation of Galbraith's view hardly could be imagined.

The sorry state of traditional economics is of course an elegant monument to the astrological capacity of intelligent men to erect systems of thought bearing the most tenuous relation to reality. But it is neither the newness of Galbraith's argument nor the tendency of the economist to hold fast to his anchor on nonsense that explains the scholasticism of modern economics. It is simply that he who pays the piper calls the tune. Galbraith challenges the roots of power in modern capitalism, while the heritors of the Smithian tradition take it as a solemn social charge to serve the powers that be. Until strong voices for social change emerge in America, Galbraith, like Veblen before him, will remain a voice crying in the wilderness.

II

As a work of intellect, the historical position of *The New Industrial State* is secure. Its contemporary social impact, however, hinges on the possibility of substantive political realignments in America. There is every indication that such realignments await us in the coming decades. The political alliance dominating the scene since World War II—organized labor, the underprivileged, and important elements of big business under the umbrella of the Democratic party—is unlikely to hold up under current conditions of economic instability. For the conditions of existence of this alliance—strong economic growth and the continued international hegemony of the United States in the context of the cold war—lie firmly in the past. The austerity now demanded of workers and citizens on behalf of healthy profits is not compatible with the American Dream, which has made the "New Industrial State" at least bearable. And if the domestic needs of capital are not met in this age of the multinational firm, the major corporations are quite prepared to pick up their marbles and find another game—be it in Taiwan, Germany, South Africa, or Brazil. In this context, the possibility of a new set of political forces emerging in America cannot be dismissed.

The idea that an academic economist may play a crucial role in codifying the consciousness of a political movement may seem farfetched, but the examples of Adam Smith, Karl Marx, and Maynard Keynes are compelling indeed. And Galbraith's institutionalism is finely wrought with its political implications in mind. Its central project is to stake a clear position between, or if you will, independent from, the ideologies of capitalism and socialism. The Galbraithian critique of capitalist apologetics in neoclassical economics I have already discussed. But some of Galbraith's major preoccupations are quite inexplicable outside the context of his project to confute the usual Marxian analysis of modern capitalism. Galbraith agrees with American radicals in pinpointing *economic power* as the crucial issue; but he argues that in the new industrial state it is *bureaucratic* and not *class* power which accounts for the decay of social life. As Veblen before him,

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Galbraith charts minutely the passage of control in business from capitalist entrepreneurs to corporate managers, and thence to the bureaucratic and scientific "technostructure." Private property, like the market, has been superseded by the modern planning system; both are simply manipulated in the interests of organizational and technical rationality. Freed from the compulsion to maximize profits or respond to market signals, modern industry follows its own logic of power and institutional aggrandizement, pacifying both consumers and stockholders in the process.

The new industrial state, we are told, renders obsolete both capitalism and socialism. Given the dictates of modern organization and technology, all advanced societies "converge" to a similar structure of economic life. The only reasonable political issue then becomes: who will control this structure? In socialist countries the bureaucratic and authoritarian state is the culprit; in capitalist societies it is the corporate technostructure, left unbridled through the weakness of state power.

The political position following from *The New Industrial State* is contained in the title of Galbraith's more recent book, *Economics and the Public Purpose*. Public purpose must take the form of a critical and more well-informed electorate repossessing the reins of politics, reversing the traditional American linkage between governmental and private economic power. An economic system that cannot be transformed nevertheless can be controlled. Galbraith, the institutionalist in economic theory, becomes the social democrat in political practice. The major conflict in society emerges as vested bureaucratic interests versus the citizenry, whose instrument of battle is the democratically controlled state. The attraction of Galbraith's strategy, then, is that it accurately reproduces the politics of European social democracy without the ideological baggage of socialism. But is it a reasonable political strategy for the United States, and can it solve the problem it addresses?

Galbraith is no doubt well in tune with the public mood in his attack on corporate power. Everyone hates big business. Even five years ago, who would have predicted the AFL might urge the nationalization of major sectors of the private economy—in this case the energy industry? But the mistrust of big government is just as thorough and deeply felt. The tax revolt is but the most dramatic aspect of the well-documented mood of the American people. The state may be a last resort of groups suffering from the abuses of private power, but a major political transformation in the name of a rejuvenated state imbued with "public purpose" appears farfetched.

A more substantive weakness of Galbraithian politics lies in its ignoring the ultimate basis of capitalist power: the freedom to control investment, employment, and growth. Any state policy or combination of policies that significantly lowers the profit potential below the general level in the world economy will lead to what has come to be known as "capital strike": investors take their money elsewhere, leaving unemployment and stagnation in their wake. Nothing could be better suited to discrediting an administration hostile to business.

Galbraith will claim, in turn, that the modern firm does not maximize profits, but this claim is less than persuasive in this era of declining growth and profits. Whether capitalists, managers, or technocrats hold ultimate private power, and whether they seek profit or power for its own sake, capital strike remains the strategy for achieving it. The failure to confront this problem is the weak point of the social democratic solution.

Were Galbraith's analysis of the problem correct but its implied policies infeasible, our plight would be hopeless. But Galbraith's picture of American capitalism, conceived during the pacific years prior to Vietnam, Watergate, and stagflation, has weaknesses rendering it a questionable tool. Consumers have shown themselves far less pliant than the technostructure might like: the ecology, anti-pollution, consumer protection, and anti-nuclear movements are cases in point. Americans, rather than maximizing personal income, increasingly have chosen cleaner air, better health and safety conditions in work, and public forms of compensation like Medicare, public education, and old age support. And they have consistently voted for, and until recently gained, increases in social welfare as opposed to military expenditure.

The problem with Galbraith's theory of the new industrial state is precisely that his policies have been followed, though doubtless not as strenuously or as single-mindedly as he might have

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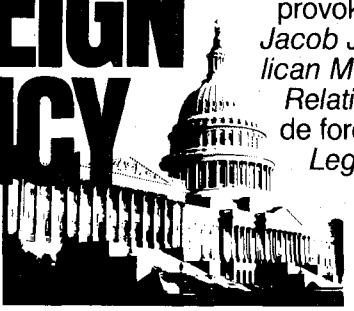

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wished, at least since World War II. That the state has had its "public purpose" is perhaps overlooked by those who measure change from the standpoint of their fullblown ideals. But a quick glance at a conservative document such as Samuel Huntington et al.'s *The Crisis of Democracy* will show that the political assertiveness of the American people in the past decades has cut into militarism, profiteering, and ultimately profits. The result, however, is not a rejuvenated public order, but chaos and economic decline.

These observations, if correct, leave only two possible options; one conservative and one radical. The first is to stop meddling with the economic system from within *and* without. This prescription, based on the argument that it is precisely meddling that has gotten us into our present predicament, is currently enjoying a certain revival. It will not last. While it is scarcely surprising that people turn to the past to meet the problems of a faltering present, laissez-faire policies are not likely to handle contemporary, much less future, problems. Laissez-faire means, as Galbraith incisively demonstrates, letting the powers that be "faire" as they please. Balanced federal budgets and Proposition 13s are unlikely to weather even the earliest of their economic implications. We can be confident that Americans will be open to more creative options in coming years.

The radical alternative is a strategy of direct restructuring of economic institutions. Since, as Galbraith correctly observes, the problem is the concentration of economic power, the watchword of such a reorganization must be *the democratization of economic life*. The economy must be changed from within, in addition to being better controlled from without. This option is foreclosed in Galbraith's system by his assumption that the organization of work and the planning of growth are determined by the technical basis of modern industry—the basis on which capitalism and socialism "converge" on the economic level. But democratization aims at the political, not the technical, structure of the economic system, and directly addresses the question: whose interests are served by economic decisions? Moreover, studies have shown that democratization even improves technical efficiency in production.

Americans are justly proud of having forged a democratic society. But this democracy extends little beyond the realm of government. In the capitalist economy the vast majority of participants have no say in the decisions that affect their lives. If the citizenry cannot control the economy from without, it can control it from within by applying the rules of democratic order to the political structure of economic decision making. Worker control of production and community control of investment and growth at least hold out the possibility of achieving what government regulation cannot achieve by itself.

The New Industrial State was conceived and written at a time when the types of economic transformation necessary to meet today's problems could have been envisioned only in the mind of an incurable utopian. Galbraith is no utopian, and his major work needs a major overhaul. It is commonplace to note that the radical vision of one generation becomes the conservative prescription of the next, but for a progressive mind such as Galbraith's, this may well be a source of comfort.

Letters: A Novel by John Barth

(Putnam's; $16.95)

John Barth has seen art as the world "elsewhere," the better world where nothing disappears. *Letters* is his *billet doux* to literature and his plea to his own creations to return the gift of life. In these 772 pages of letters to, from, and between characters from his past works, Barth attempts a kind of self-renewal through retrieving and repossessing his fictional offspring and his youth as a writer. Wading through the plots and people of his past novels, Barth seems to search for some fresh emotion. Although he fails to find it, his search is itself a wily and powerful statement of *Letters*'s best subject: aesthetic ambition.

Of our contemporaries, only Barth has looked to art for the key to life. In the past, his characters have outwitted even suicidal despair by seeing themselves as storytellers, by weaving fictions that conceal their troubles. They seem to find the magic words, the abracadabras, that permit them not to distinguish style from lifestyle. The logic of sentences seems to refute mental chaos, syntax helps collapsing personalities cohere, and parody operates as a force for order for characters who become only witty voices. As Jake Horner, whose life is a catalogue of literary/behavioral techniques, puts it in *The End of the Road*: "to turn experience into speech—that is, to classify, to categorize, to conceptualize, to grammarize, to syntactify it—is always a betrayal of experience . . . but only so in dealing with it did I ever feel a man, alive and kicking."

In *Letters*, Barth opens up the dark side of formalism. No virtuosity can redeem some of his characters from chaos and collapse. Their obsessional need to pattern life verbally exemplifies and embodies their derangement. The book abounds in "patterns" based on the repetition of numbers, word games, alphabet tricks, and anacrostics which seem to have been reeled out by an overcharged computer. Style is no longer a value to live by but, too often in *Letters*, a control mechanism gone out of control. Unable to resuscitate many of his old friends and plots, Barth produces massive, inert mounds of verbiage lacking emotion or human meaning. But pressed between these are brilliant passages in which Barth confronts the frustrations of art.

Barth's love letter to *belles lettres* contains comic reproaches to the culture that has not shared his veneration of form. His epic of the American sensibility is no *Aeneid*, no embodiment of the ideals of solidity and purpose, but his mock-serious invention, *Anarchaid*. Virtually all Barth's characters in *Letters* find their fate tied to the fate of American culture. They are mysteriously connected with the aesthetic ideals embodied—and heartily travestied—by a Tower of Truth. Newly erected, but already cracking at the foundation, the Tower stands in the wetlands of Maryland on the campus of Marshyhope College. A subject of faculty fights and much bitter factionalism, the future of the Tower stands (sinks) between those who wish it to represent what is best in

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American art and those who wish it to signal the college's (country's) traditional commitment to the training of farmers and technicians. Will it be a cultural beacon, or break up? Will the study of culture beat out utility? Will anyone know the difference?

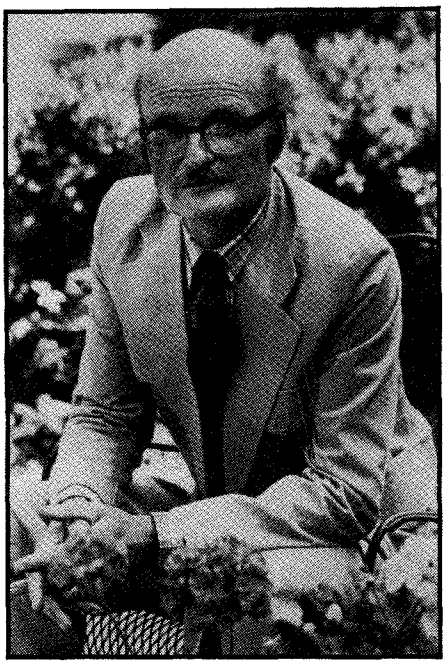

photo of John Barth by Helen Marcus

Barth tries to foretell the future of the Tower by going back to the past and examining the fate of past "monuments" to energy and idealism. The American Revolution, the French and Indian War, the War of 1812, the student uprisings of the 1960s (graced by an attempt to take over the Tower at Marshyhope)—all seem to merge in Barth's vision of a vast "Game of Governments." In this game none of the players knows the rules, the purpose of the game, or which side they ultimately serve. Typical is the confusion of one character, Andrew, who at 36 discovers that his father in the Revolutionary War was

> *only an unsuccessful agent of the Loyalists, only pretending to be a revolutionary and that he himself therefore has been a loser too, dissipating his energies in opposition to his father's supposed cause and therefore abetting unsuccessfully his real cause.*

His solution is to "break this pattern by devoting the second half of his life to the counteraction of its first." In this view of history without progress, all action cancels itself out.

Barth equates the fate of letters with a "Game of Governments" that ends in self-erasure. His innovative moviemaker, Prinz (The Prince?), looking for a subject for our time, wants to film "not the true destruction of any historical city, but the venerable metropolis of letters." This can be destroyed literally by burning the Library of Congress. One military "hero," Cockburn, also destroys the National Archives for the unflattering accounts of him it contains. Printing presses are next. "He had his men pluck out and destroy all the uppercase C's to hamper the impugnment of his name in the future. A destruction of the capital within a destruction of the capitol. . . ." Is the name the same as the thing?

Barth does not always save himself from turning *Letters* into alphabet soup. He succeeds only in the warmest sections where literature is a love affair between a writer and his aesthetic ideal, fleshed out as a woman. Ambrose Mensch, a writer in middle age (he's the boy of 13 from *Lost in the Funhouse*), has planned to write the story of Perseus in middle age. His marriage to Andromeda a disaster, Perseus tries, in Ambrose's plan, to regain control of his life and self-esteem by returning to the scenes of his past victories. He meets a veiled nymph who says she's Medusa and she loves him. Medusa tells him if he is her true lover, and he lifts her veil, they will be immortalized as stars. If he's only a trifler, he will be petrified and she "re-Gorgonized." Ambrose will not write the story, although he has elaborately outlined it. Instead he tries for "heroism" by altering the course of modern literature and conquering modernism.

Ambrose seduces the former mistress and intimate of modernist writers, Germaine. He tells her she is "Literature Incarnate, or The Story Thus Far, whose next turning I'd aspired to have a hand in." He invites: "Come play Danai in this cracked tower!" In a scene comically overloaded with implication, they climb the Tower of Truth, built with Medusa Cement. She is willing: "I wanted to conceive by him, to get something beyond my worn-out self! And by God we tried, on that hard bed of Medusa Portland." The only way Ambrose can "turn the story" of decline around is by making something new.

What redeems this love affair from excessive symbolism is Barth's ability to press into it genuine despair for a lost world of energy and emotion. What Ambrose wants is to be saved from his own stoniness, his immobility. He hopes this literary earth mother will draw, by her physical magnetism, even his "low-motile sperm" to the mark. He wants less to father a child than to be reborn as her child, to start over at the beginnings

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—W.A. Swanberg, *The New Republic*

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of love and letters. Ambrose sets himself the hard task of renewing himself on a woman at the edge (more probably over the brink) of menopause, as Barth has set himself the task of reinvention from old material. The towering truth they share is the faith that the gyrations of love and storytelling can make it all come right.

What Barth has created in *Letters* is the ambitious elaboration of the modernist concern with the derangements of art, sex, and culture. At its best *Letters* can be to his work what *Magister Ludi* was to Hesse's, *Ada* was to Nabokov's, and *Gravity's Rainbow* was to Pynchon's. But *Letters* too often accentuates the narrowness of Barth's vision. In its too frequent constriction and in the incestuous unions of its characters, it has the unintended effect of calling into question the meaning of an art that is so entirely self-referential and self-limiting. And the insularity of Barth's wish only to relive, recapitulate, and retrieve forces us to see again that one of the great human tragedies is self-enclosure.

Josephine Hendin

Josephine Hendin teaches English at New York University. Her most recent book is *Vulnerable People: A View of American Literature Since 1945* (Oxford).

W. H. Auden: The Life of a Poet by Charles Osborne

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15.95)

Poor old Auden! He worked so hard to protect his private life from public scrutiny, and to so little avail. He begged his friends to destroy his letters, but I've never heard of anyone doing so, and in time there will surely be a *Collected Letters*, in many volumes. He did not want a biography written, and yet here comes the first: a slim one this time, but behind it you can feel the Edelites and the Blotnerians massing their file cards for the Totally Definitive Treatment. The moral is obvious: if you want to be forgotten, you must be forgettable; but Auden was memorable—not only as a poet, but as a wit, a raconteur, a critic, an eccentric, a friend.

Auden must have hoped that curious readers would be content with the Auden legends: the legend of the young Auden, the voice of the 1930s, and its successor, the legend of Uncle Wiz. We all know the 1930s legend—how Auden came straight out of Oxford into fame, how he spoke for his generation in those depressed pre-war years, and was acclaimed on all sides, won headlines in the *Daily Worker* and a gold medal from the king, and then walked away from it all and emigrated to America. The later legend is less dramatic, but just as specific—how in America he sank swiftly into middle-aged, reactionary codgerdom, joined the Episcopal church, shuffled about in carpet slippers and a "Frodo Lives" sweatshirt, and became, as he put it, "a minor atlantic Goethe."

If Auden did not create these legends, he certainly encouraged them, and even provided legendary details. The story, for example, of how as a boy he sang the love duet from *Tristan and Isolde* with his mother, taking the part of Isolde himself; and of how he loved mines and machinery in his youth, and was never so happy as when he was underground—these stories are set-ups for the eager psychoanalytic critic, as Auden knew perfectly well. And the anecdote of how he became a poet at the age of 16 because a friend suggested that he should—as though he had not been fascinated by symbols and words from his earliest days (what he liked about mining was that it was the most symbolical of scientific activities, and had a vocabulary of marvelous-sounding words).

But on other, crucial points in his life Auden maintained a teasing near-silence. He went to Spain during the Civil War (it was this journey that the *Daily Worker* headlined), but he never said what he did there, only that he was shocked to find the churches closed, and surprised that he was shocked. At some time after that experience he had another, one that evidently altered his life, but which he described, years later, only in these general terms: "I was forced to know in person what it is like to feel oneself the prey of demonic powers, in both the Greek and the Christian sense, stripped of self-control and self-respect, behaving like a ham actor in a Strindberg play." These two experiences, one political and religious, the other psychological, stand at that turning point in Auden's life when he rejected England and political action and his own generation and came to New York. He never explained either, but neither did he remain entirely silent about them; they remain two mysteries at the intersection of the Auden legends.

It doesn't strike me as improper for a critic to be curious about such questions: radical changes did occur both in Auden's life and in his poetry in the late 1930s and early 1940s—I can't think of another poet who changed so radically so quickly—and it is reasonable that readers of his work should want to know why. How did the brilliant, energetic *young* Auden so quickly become the seamed and slippered *old* Auden? This change was far more than simply a physical one: it was a conscious withdrawal from involvement with the world, and it had extreme consequences for his poetry. He didn't, as some versions of the legends would have it, become politically reactionary in his later years; his politics remained what they always essentially had been: a suspicious social democracy based on the proposition that poets and politicians are natural enemies. But in his social attitudes he certainly did grow conservative. And in his poetry he drew back from public faces and public places, into word games, into abstraction, into coziness, into the personal life.

Perhaps one should apply the legend of Antaeus to the case, and say that Auden had cut himself off from the source of his poetic energy when he left England; perhaps, removed from the traditions of his nation and his class, he was too susceptible to poetic temptations: the temptation to make poems out of words (in America he bought a complete OED), and the temptation to write poetry out of habit. He had left England, he said, in order to live deliberately without roots; nevertheless he did try, over those last 39 years, to put down roots of sorts in various places—in the East Village, in Ischia, in Kirchstetten, even briefly in his old Oxford college. But they were shallow roots: Auden didn't become a Village voice, or an Ischian bard; the only

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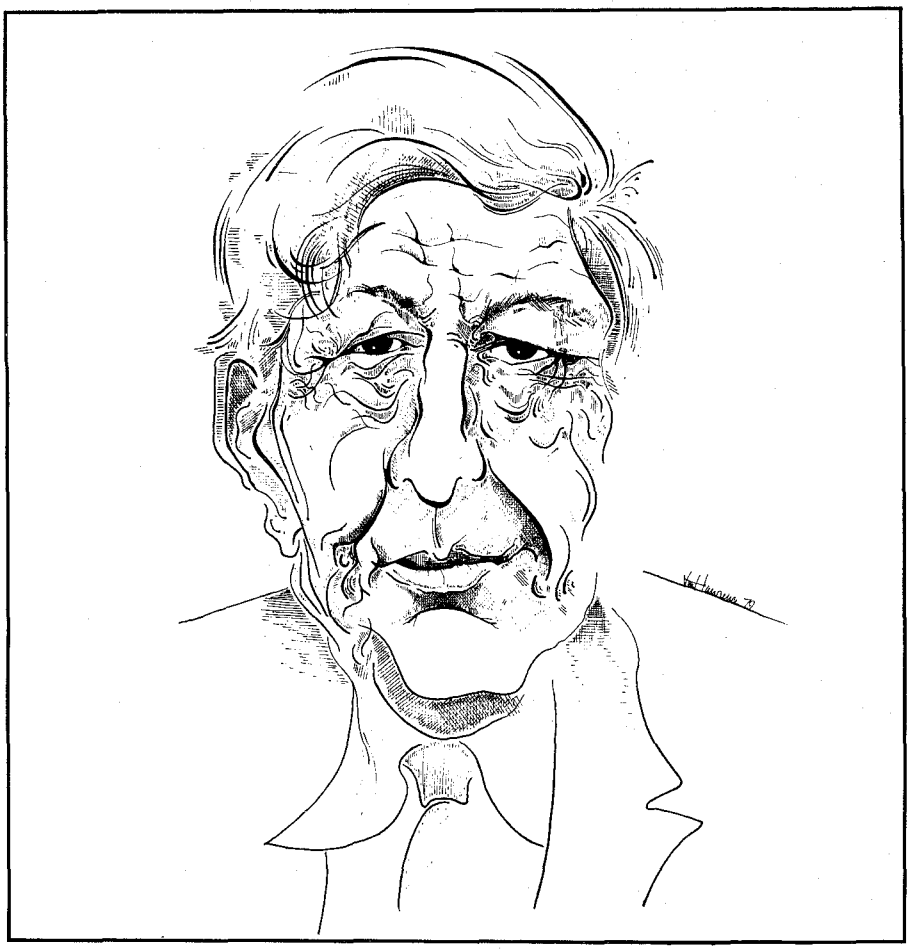

drawing of W. H. Auden by Vint Lawrence

memorable Mediterranean poem he wrote was about leaving it, and his best Kirchstetten poem is about going to a church in which he is a foreigner.

One test of a biographer of Auden will be how clearly and fully he deals with the mysteries of Auden's middle life; another will be what sense he makes of the later years. But these are really only parts of the demand that we make of all biographers: don't just tell us stories, or string together details—make an order of them. Like history, biography is the significant shape that a mind makes out of what is left of the past.

This fundamental test I'm afraid Mr. Osborne does not pass with any distinction. He has gathered the bits of the legends together, and has even added some new anecdotes to them. We now know, for example, what Auden said to Marianne Faithfull in a Soho restaurant in 1972 (it was a grossly rude remark for the usually courtly Auden to make). What we don't know is why he said it, or what it explains. We now have a detailed account of Auden's behavior at various poetry readings, and of his funeral, which Mr. Osborne attended. The pieces are all quite efficiently organized into a narrative, but the cruxes are not explained, and the order is not significant; to put it as bluntly as possible, Osborne's life of Auden doesn't mean anything.

I didn't think I had a theory of biography-writing, but having read Mr. Osborne's book, I now have one. It is that the biographer must make an order, but that he should not be present in the order that he makes: he should remain invisible, and he should have no opinions (he will have them, of course, but they must be expressed through the narrative, and not come chirping out like blackbirds from a pie). Mr. Osborne's method is the opposite of this austere ideal: he is chatty and personal, and relentlessly obtrusive. I have never met him, and know only such facts as he has pressed upon me in the course of his book: that he was on the staff of the *London Magazine*, and later was literature director of the Arts Council; that he edited Verdi's letters; that he directed Poetry International, a series of poetry readings in which Auden participated. But beyond these biographical details his book creates its own distinct narrative personality: a man of many opinions, most of them rather conservative; a gossip; a bit of a bore. It is Osborne's misfortune that he has chosen to appear in the company Auden—Auden the witty, the wise, the surprising, the brilliant, the original. Not many of us

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would shine in that situation, and certainly Osborne doesn't.

Auden once wrote of Voltaire that he "has suffered the greatest misfortune that can befall a writer; he has become a legend, which insures that he will not be read until someone destroys the legend." You might say something like that about Auden. He is, of course, being read; but he will not be read properly until the legends have been dispersed by the particulars of actual history. That dispersal must be the principal task of his biographers; it is a task that the first in the field has done only indifferently well.

Samuel Hynes

Samuel Hynes is the author of *The Auden Generation* (Viking). He teaches English at Princeton.

The Majority Finds its Past: Placing Women in History by Gerda Lerner

(Oxford University Press; $12.95)

It is fitting that Gerda Lerner should introduce this collection of her essays in women's history with autobiographical notes. For she has played a unique role in making women's history the thriving field it has become; she has delineated its appropriate contours; searched for a method and a theory appropriate to its practice; unearthed the sources necessary to its writing; insisted not merely on its autonomy and integrity, but on its inescapable centrality to any worthy history of humankind. In this respect, Lerner's career encompasses the first phase—what she herself would call the prehistory—of contemporary women's history. Beginning graduate school as a mature woman—established writer, mother of two grown children—in 1963, the year of *The Feminine Mystique*, Lerner developed as a professional historian apace with the new feminist movement. Now she occupies an important position among a growing group of feminist scholars whom she movingly describes as a "community of scholars, vitally interested and involved in each other's work, trying to combat within ourselves and one another the competitiveness which is structured into our institutional and professional life and to substitute for it a new and as yet untested model of supportive and engaged scholarship." She and her colleagues are dedicated to a feminist history that "seeks to break down and combat the artificial hierarchies, the elitism and narrow specialization so characteristic of our profession; it seeks constantly to broaden and deepen the connectedness between thinking and committed social action." Her own work provides the best testimonial to that commitment, and beyond it, to the commitment to reestablish history as a central element of the national culture.

These essays, written during the past decade, offer a splendid introduction to women's history in the US. Of the 12 essays, five exemplify Lerner's scholarly contribution: "The Lady and the Mill Girl: Changes in the Status of Women in the Age of Jackson"; "Black Women in the United States: A Problem in Historiography and Interpretation"; "Community Work of Black Club Women"; "Black and White Women in Interaction and Confrontation"; and "The Political Activities of Antislavery Women." The remaining seven include four on theory and method, two on feminism (contemporary and historical), and one on the changing status and experience of the housewife. The historical and topical/theoretical pieces complement each other beautifully.

Lerner's historical research centers around the special problems of class and race in female experience, as well as around the organizational and political activities of women within their respective communities. When it appeared in 1969, "The Lady and the Mill Girl" represented the first major attempt to deal with changes in the status of women in the first four decades of the 19th century, and it remains an important synthesis. Between 1800 and 1840, Lerner says, women's political and economic opportunities declined and the values and beliefs encoded in the dictum "women's place is in the home" moved "from being descriptive of an existing reality to become an ideology." Extolling women's special role in the private sphere, the "cult of true womanhood" attempted to justify women's exclusion from public life. But the hypocrisy of the ideology extended further than the sugar-coating of middle-class women's declining position: it also obscured the altogether more strenuous and vulnerable life of the mill girl, herself denied even the dubious security of her better-off sister.

In another essay, Lerner explores the political activities of antislavery women. Subsequent scholarship has confirmed and developed her pathbreaking work, but she deserves special credit for insisting upon a fresh understanding of the political contributions of women who lacked a legitimate political identity. She emphasizes the importance of evaluating their antislavery activities at their true worth. Thus she shows that no woman could meet the formal criteria for leadership in antislavery work, because those standards were set with male roles and opportunities in mind. Nonetheless, by her account, women played an important and frequently decisive role in financing local efforts, editing periodicals, and writing antislavery literature. Thus, when in 1838 Angelina Grimké became the first woman to address an American legislature, the importance of her act lay not in some personal accomplishment, but in her representing "an organized network of female antislavery societies."

Lerner also reconstructs the outlines of black women's massive organizational efforts on behalf of their communities. She emphasizes the concerted action of community building undertaken by black women whose people lacked access to the normal network of social services, adequate schooling, and recreational facilities, and shows how voluntary female labor laid the foundations for what would become the bedrock institutions of contemporary society. In these essays, as elsewhere in her work, Lerner gives less weight than she might to the centrality of religious life and institutions in the lives of these women. In my judgment, her slighting of this communal experience sacrifices some of the complexity of the historical process she seeks to evoke, and blunts her perception of the ways in which these women perceived themselves and their world. But younger scholars, following her path here, as others are following it

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elsewhere, are restoring that dimension. And their work would not have been possible—or would have been incomparably more difficult—without her trailblazing.

Lerner's topical and theoretical essays both build upon her historical work and inform its questions and methods. Taken as a group, these essays return incessantly to the need to restore women's history to women and women to the history of humankind. Committed to recreating the female perspective, Lerner nonetheless never sacrifices the specificities of income and race to an all-inclusive feminism. Thus she staunchly underscores the special travail of lower-class women and forthrightly recognizes that for most black women racial oppression shaped their experience as women and, hence, their interest in specifically feminist issues.

For Lerner, female experience cannot be contained in the artificial constraints of male history, especially male political history. Historical fidelity to women's experience demands a new and probing look at periodization: what did the American Revolution or, for that matter, the Italian Renaissance contribute to women's history? The great advances of male civilization most often had no relevance to women's lives, or had a deleterious impact. Conceptualizing women in history presents its own challenge and most assuredly cannot be entrusted to male categories. The traditional sources, reflecting a male perspective and even catalogued according to male problems, will not easily yield information on women. Traditional historical theories, such as the Whig or Marxist, pay insufficient, if any, attention to women's history. Class is not an adequate category through which to think of female experience. In other words, history as we have known it woefully fails to include that half (now more than half) of the human population, the female sex. To include the female sex is to challenge every fundamental premise of the male historical craft.

This is not the occasion to rehearse the full extent of my theoretical differences with Lerner. They are considerable, although I share her commitment to a history faithful to female experience and to integrating that history into the center of historical process. I cannot subscribe to the notion that a worthy history of humankind demands that we jettison the purportedly artificial categories or structure of political history—not unless we wish to write the history of a people without the history of its organized and consciously articulated collective life, without the history of power, injustice, and the occasional triumph of, if not the good, the better. Nor can I countenance banishing a civilization that may never have adequately reflected female concerns but that articulated the conscious or unconscious sense of social and cultural order with which women had to come to terms. Lerner has taught us something about the nature of power in her delineation of the political roles of the antislavery women, in her picture of the implicitly political community organizations of black club women. Those activities she has recovered and rightfully celebrates would lose their historical meaning divorced from the prevailing political relations and social representations from which women were excluded.

Women live with men, shape their behavior in conjunction with men, forge their consciousness in relation to men. The relation can be one of ally or of adversary, most commonly both. But women cannot be viewed in isolation. Despite Lerner's respect for Juliet Mitchell, Joan Kelly, and other Marxist-feminists, she forcefully rejects class as an appropriate theoretical construct for the history of women. There is an irony here, for she was among the first to insist upon the special experience of lower-class women and black women and to acknowledge class oppression and racism as forces that divide a feminist or even a female front. Yet class as a theoretical construct evokes her hostility. Women, she maintains, confronted individual men across the social spectrum. At precisely this point, her analysis falters. For men, as members of social classes and ethnic groups, have had collective needs which have shaped their specific attitudes and behavior toward the women of their social group and others. To be sure, class alone will not explain the oppression of women nor suffice to construct an adequate history of women. But it provides a much more important starting point than Lerner is prepared to acknowledge.

Women always have lived as members of social systems. Their multiple contributions to those systems, like the injustices they have suffered from them, defy facile categorization. But their historical presence—and the conspiracy of male silence about that presence—must be thought about systemically. The history of women ultimately must

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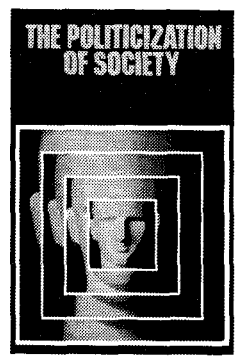

The Politicization of Society

Edited by Kenneth S. Templeton, Jr.

"The state has increasingly replaced the church in determining how we should behave," writes Oxford professor R. M. Hartwell in his introduction. "Politics is now religion." Fourteen scholars examine the central problem of modern society—the growth of the state—and its significance for the individual. They are Robert L. Carneiro, Felix Morley, Murray N. Rothbard, William Marina, Robert A. Nisbet, Jacques Ellul, Giovanni Sartori, Michael Oakeshott, Donald M. Dozer, Herbert Butterfield, John A. Lukacs, Jonathan R. T. Hughes, Butler D. Shaffer, and F. A. Hayek. Hardcover $10.00, Paperback $4.50.

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be restored to our collective memory of historical process, but must not be used to undermine the sense of history as process. The hard truths, as they emerge, may be hard indeed. It appears likely that male domination of women, even in enlightened, modern, capitalist society, relied much more heavily on violence or its threat than either men or women would like to know. And that knowledge may tell us a good deal about the true relationship between social classes in our purportedly consensual society.

Eventually the history of women must be seen in the context of political, social, economic, and cultural structures that largely have been dominated by and served the interests of men. Only in such a context can we hope to avoid the history of female oppression on the one hand or the history of separatist female myth on the other. Oppression and separatism there have been, but they, like resistance to and complicity in the prevailing social and political relations, can only be grasped as part of the whole. And understanding that whole requires the use of theoretical categories like class, requires respecting political process, and requires contributing to such notions the full sense of the social, economic, and cultural texture that can be apprehended only through full cognizance of the historical participation of women.

The history of women that we need, and that Lerner's work has done so much to inspire, is being written. The field has grown exponentially in the decade these essays span. In the explosion of newer forms of social history drawing upon quantitative, ethnographic, and other methods, it has become fashionable to dismiss the history of single, exemplary women as the history of "worthies." The aggregate perspective of the new social and economic history permits us to seize the experience of women as a group—their fertility, marital patterns, premarital pregnancies, labor force participation, and so forth. But, paradoxically, the more sophisticated we become in our conceptualization of women as social participants, the better we understand the social relations of production and reproduction as they depend upon and influence each other, the more we can learn from the study of individuals. Our more refined grasp of social process as a whole permits us to situate and, therefore, to study and learn from the special, the politically and culturally significant, individual. In such a perspective, Lerner herself can be seen as a worthy: an historian to be sure, the most active and politically astute of the opening phase of the new women's history, but also a specially talented writer, an inspiring and demanding teacher, a model as well as a companion to younger female scholars, a forceful presence in her chosen profession. One day she will be the object of historical study herself.

Elizabeth Fox-Genovese

Elizabeth Fox-Genovese teaches history at the University of Rochester.

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Our Day and Generation: The Words of Edward M. Kennedy edited by Henry Steele Commager with a foreword by Archibald Macleish

(Simon & Schuster; $12.95)

My wife and I were traveling, and I called home to see if there was any urgent mail. "No," said my 16-year-old daughter, "just a book for you to review—and I don't think it'll strain your brain." Why not? "It's mainly dumb pictures." Back home, I took the book from her, came back in five minutes, and asked her why she had mocked it. "You mean you read it already?" she asked without satirical intent. No, I assured her—the book badly needs mocking. But it does strain credulity, if not the brain: how can even a Kennedy hope to get away with this? Chappaquiddick, maybe. But not *Our Day and Generation*.

The volume comes overauthorized and underauthored. Commager and Macleish dance attendance, and a nameless picture editor of the smiling-ethnic school gives us the nine thousandth rerun of the *Family of Man* photo series. Every visual and verbal cliché is here—beginning with the demand that we give up clichés: "To adopt the code words and catch phrases and epithets of others as personal policy is to substitute reflex for thought." Did you know Edward Kennedy is against poverty, unemployment, crime, "bad debate," and throwing out the baby with the bath water? If not, you will find words here that tell you so—and pictures, too (including lots of cute babies not thrown out with the bath water). To prove that the senator loves the land, an evil anthropomorphic strip-mining machine is shown us, something straight out of Fellini's subway-digging scene in *Roma*. Did you know that Edward Kennedy is for young people (who are ex-babies), fishing, Thomas Jefferson, lean rather than fat defense budgets, and rolling up our sleeves? Ditto, in words. Double ditto, in pictures. He is also for cops and nuns, and especially for the pistol-packing nun, who is also a cop, seen on page 68.

The book's "thoughts" come to us islanded in generous white margins lest

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they strain our brains. Some thoughts run to all of six words. When the senator goes longer than that, he tends to strain his own brain, and we read gibberish like this sentence: "Such thoughts are foreign to those of us who came from immigrant faith." Henry Steele Commager agreed to take the blame for collecting these pearls of wisdom. He even derives "a consistent philosophy" from the bromides he calls "observations and admonitions." But Commager is restrained next to Macleish, who dignifies these snippets as Kennedy's "papers," which (he says) reveal more than we can learn from "professional pollsters or propagandists"—thus making himself the most abject kind of propagandist.

That is the thing that scares me about the prospect of another Kennedy presidency. We are told that the first such reign was hospitable to intellect—which is like saying Casanova was hospitable to women. No academic was safe, back then, in a Kennedy's presence. From 10 feet out they began to babble. "Camelot" was principally a golden age for prostitute professors and round-heeled journalists. Just consider: but for John Kennedy's presidency, Arthur Schlesinger might have become a great historian. The real campaign slogan against Kennedy should read "Save Our Intellectuals From Rape." Does Richard Goodwin's mother know where her son is spending his nights?

Simon & Schuster has insisted this is not a campaign book, and they're right in a way: it is a corporation book. Macleish is warming up for Robert Frost's role as poet laureate—his coronation ode is probably half written already. The sad thing is that Senator Kennedy does not need such borrowed robes and shameless courtiers. I tend to believe those who call him the best of the Kennedy brothers—a team player, not a star; the only one who worked at being a senator; less chilly than John, less abrasive than Robert. In fact "Eddy" toddled along just far enough behind the others to be as much a Kennedy follower as a Kennedy in his own right—and Hume reminds us that followers usually are more generous and selfless than leaders. But it is hard for a follower to know when he must break with his idols. Each older brother had a tight band of personal partisans, while Edward inherits a more general loyalty to the whole Kennedy family. Younger brothers get used to hand-me-downs.

He seems a nicer person than the other two, perhaps because he lacks their narrow focus and driven egos. Edward's concern for deprived people—refugees, the ill, the retarded—comes more naturally to him, less late and melodramatically than it came to Robert. His self-mockery is less calculating than John's. He is aloof in a different way, without condescension—younger brothers learn to take the back seat gracefully. Even the rumors of his womanizing set him apart from President Kennedy—John's affairs were reputedly constant, a controlled obsession (a headache any day he went without sex); Edward's were called sporadic and impulsive.

There is every reason to think Edward Kennedy is better qualified, by sad experience and Senate training, to lead the nation than were either of his brothers. The only thing that may disqualify him is the web of myths and hopes spun around those elders. Some people think those myths alone propel him when they may impede. He inherits the overblown rhetoric, the adventurist efforts, of the one Kennedy to make it to the presidency so far, as well as the groupie fondness, verging on fanaticism, that Robert inspired just before and after his death. He runs, and would be forced to rule, with ghosts always beside him—not just ghosts of honorable forebears who practiced the art of politics, as John Quincy Adams and Benjamin Harrison had beside them when they won the presidency, or Robert Taft when he pursued it; but ghosts around whom cluster the emotions of a turbulent period capped by a double martyrdom. In order to be his own man, Edward Kennedy must somehow break free of those constraining memories, even if that shocks and hurts his own followers or his family. That may be an impossible assignment for a man who is himself a follower of the family as well as a member of it. In this case, Prince Charming is the real sleeping beauty, and no one else can wake him—he must do it himself, break the spell, escape the enchanted thralldom that masks itself as an advantage.

He should be the first to say that, though he loved and honors his brothers, times have changed, magic memories can mislead, there is no calling back a Camelot that never was. He should base his own campaign on the Senate skills his brothers were too impatient to acquire. He should attack the cult of personality that President Carter, strolling down the lane hand in hand with his bride, tried to bring into the White House; and emphasize the need for knowing the machinery of politics, the right levers to pull, backs to scratch, rewards or punishments to hand around. Current blah about "leadership" vs. bureaucracy, charisma vs. institution casts Kennedy in just the wrong role—as a knight in shining armor, not an Irish pol checking out precinct workers. We need, if anything, more Fitzgerald and less Kennedy, which this son—his mother's son, like so many last male children—is especially fitted to give us.

But will he? Not to judge by his own book's strutting piety and trumpeted banalities. How can we expect realism from a man who could assemble this book, put his own name on its (pardon the word) spine, and drag even better names down onto its title page?

Garry Wills

Garry Wills is the author, most recently, of *Confessions of a Conservative* (Doubleday).

William Hazlitt: Critic of Power
by John William Kinnaird

(Columbia University Press; $22.50)

A new book to add several cubits to the towering stature of William Hazlitt—such a phenomenon must seem unlikely, considering how spectacularly his reputation has risen in recent decades, and considering further how so many of his great contemporaries, Coleridge, Wordsworth, deQuincey, and many more, would have been amazed and aghast by the level of fame he had already achieved. The stone which most of his fellow craftsmen of that age rejected has become the head of the corner. It is a transformation with few

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parallels in literary history.

Coleridge, Wordsworth, and company pursued him even beyond the grave with their upbraidings and vilifications, and thereby impeded his ascent. Yet now, 200 years after his birth, 150 years after he died in poverty and ostracism, he is ranked almost without contention as "one of the five most persistently influential critics" in the language, the others being Dryden, Johnson, Coleridge, and Arnold. Indeed, we are justly assured that it was Hazlitt, not Coleridge, who actually accomplished the most "comprehensive revaluation of the national achievement in literature." Clearly Professor Kinnaird has the root of the matter in him.

The varied character of Hazlitt's originality is illustrated on page after page of this volume. In Hazlitt's own words, he discerned "a love of power in the mind independent of the love of good," yet he somehow interwove this fresh discernment with his previous faith. "Say what we will," writes Professor Kinnaird,

> *of Hazlitt's infatuation with Buonaparte, it is, I suspect, to his struggle to reconcile that 'idolatory' (his own word for it) with his earlier faith in the beneficence of genius that we owe the true originality of his critical attitude toward the problems of society and culture. His faith in Napoleonic 'power,' however misplaced, coinciding as it did with his own quest for expressive power, gradually forced him to think out afresh the relationship of feeling and imagination, to question the simplicity of his inherited notion of evil, to take a more complex view of 'mind' as it 'governs' will—and at last to develop a psychology of 'power' which would make of this principle of motivation not merely a limiting factor in human possibilities, but itself a new and more credible basis in theory for the modern democratic state.*

Hazlitt indeed answered Edmund Burke, his chosen rival whose style and greatness he honored so much better than any of Burke's true political disciples. Just as he claimed that Burke could be judged only by "all he wrote," so the full complement of Hazlitt's writing can be regarded as a compendious statement of the whole case for English radicalism. One oddity is that his *Political Essays*, where he states his general political views in their most dynamic form, have never been separately reprinted since they were first published in 1819 (except, of course, in his *Collected Writings*), whereas Professor Kinnaird acknowledges, better perhaps than almost any Hazlitt scholar before him, how explosive so many of the essays in that volume were.

Hazlitt marked in the same glance the weakness of his Romantic friends and the strength of his Realist enemies. He saw Coleridge's failings and Burke's shining virtues without jettisoning one jot of his revolutionary faith. He loved the ardor of the revolutionaries, the real ones as well as the poets, and hated their egotism. He knew in his bones that politics was an affair of passion, and yet that passions must be directed, if they were to be profitable at all, against the immediate enemy, the lion in the path. Southey, according to Hazlitt's gibe, lost his way in Utopia and finished up in Old Sarum. He himself could soar to philosophic heights, but he was also the first to defend, in theory as well as in practice, the right to strike. Considering his tastes and distractions, how easily he might have dwindled to the stature of a dilettante. Instead, his occasional comments on the struggles of the hour combine to form an elaborate political treatise. His words are weapons, and still retain their sharpness.

Partly his modernity is an achievement of style. He carried through his daring revolt against Dr. Johnson's authority and fashioned for himself his downright conversational accent. Yet sometimes this brilliant invention may tend to conceal how deep were his other discoveries in other fields—his psychological insight, for example, which enabled him to leap a whole century ahead of his time:

> *We are not hypocrites in our sleep. The curb is taken off from our passions, and our imagination wanders at will. When we are awake, we check these rising thoughts, and fancy we have them not. In dreams, when we are off guard, they return secretly and unbidden. We may make this use of our sleeping metamorphosis, that we may repress any feelings of this sort that we disapprove in their incipient state, and detect, ere it be too late, an unwarrantable antipathy or fatal passion. Infants cannot disguise their thoughts from others; and in sleep we reveal the secret to ourselves.*

It was partly this psychological gift which raised Hazlitt above his contemporaries as a critic, and made him such an *original* commentator on Shakespeare or the comic writers, enabled him to criticize pictures in the manner of Ruskin or Baudelaire, or to become the very first critic to recognize the novel as a form of literature.

To read Hazlitt on the great writers is to see them with a new freshness: Chaucer, Montaigne, Cervantes, Spenser, Swift, Defoe, Pope, the Restoration playwrights of "the golden period of our comedy," Rochefoucauld, Scott, and many more. It is impossible not to become infected by Hazlitt's gusto, and let no one suppose that he was ever content merely to adopt the commonplace judgment of his predecessors or his own time. "Nothing," writes Professor Kinnaird, "shows Hazlitt's instinctive resistance to the fashion of the 'amiable' better than his steadfast admiration of Swift at a time when other influential voices in criticism—Johnson, Jeffrey, Coleridge—were disparaging *Gulliver's Travels* as either too 'mechanical' or too 'misanthropic.'" Long before the modern scholar's claims about Swift's humanity and the exposure of the wretched tale about his madness, Hazlitt had composed his splendid vindication. What volumes of nonsense on the same subject from Macaulay, Thackeray, and the whole outraged 19th century we might have been spared, if they had only plagiarized Hazlitt on this topic as several of them did, without acknowledgment, on others.

Yet to concentrate on Hazlitt's judgments on the old masters is to be led astray from Professor Kinnaird's leading theme, the way in which Hazlitt broke away from his Romantic antecedents and contemporaries, and was making his own approach to the

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mentality of the early realist literature of Balzac and Stendhal. These anticipations, and the struggle they involved in Hazlitt's thinking, Professor Kinnaird sees best of all developed in "new, more Montaignian departures of *Table Talk*." (Once again he shows how he has the essence of the matter in him.) Hazlitt's essays, or most of them, were not just casual pieces dashed off to catch the press, although heaven knows he needed the money. They were the means whereby he himself made the exploration of his own mind, the route along which Professor Kinnaird now follows him step by step.

It was a wonderful idea for a new book on Hazlitt, and it has been brilliantly executed. All the vast but still growing legion of Hazlittean enthusiasts must assemble to applaud. They may pause every few pages to wonder whether Hazlitt himself (particularly with Montaigne there to guide him) was not as aware as the perceptive professor about what he was doing, and the point is insisted upon solely because, if it is true, yet another dimension is added to Hazlitt's greatness. But enough of these qualifications and quibbles. Every future writer on Hazlitt will have to take account of Professor Kinnaird's formidable conclusions, and every future reader will understand better what only a very few at the time—Leigh Hunt, to his eternal credit—dared to assert: he was "essentially a great man—a master mind."

Michael Foot

Michael Foot is a Labour Member of Parliament from Ebbw Vale, Wales.

Correspondence, *from page 8*

space for someone who quite clearly wants to use *TNR* to assassinate his intellectual betters. This letter represents no brief for *Sideshow*. No individual book or author can hope to convey the full complexity and moral ambiguity of something like the Cambodian affair. This is not the real point here. What is the point is that the motivations and even the moral right of reviewers like Hoffmann and Walzer to praise parts of *Sideshow* have been systematically denounced in your pages. An article like this contributes nothing to the advancement of the debate on Cambodia or anything else.

Stephen A. Garrett, Director
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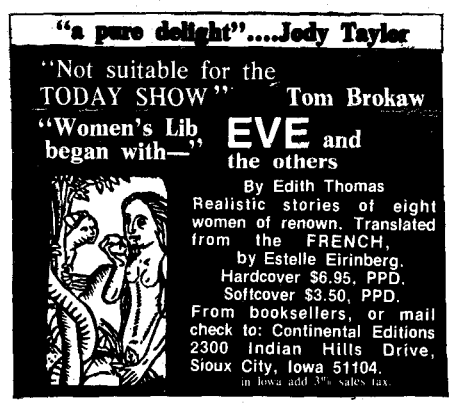
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Washington Diarist

Doubtless you've heard all those jokes that ask how many Californians or WASPs or Jewish mothers it takes to screw in a light bulb. There's a new one circulating around New York these days that goes like this:

> *—How many* Village Voice *editors does it take to screw in a light bulb?*
> *—Thirteen. One to screw in the bulb; the others to write a letter to the editor disassociating themselves from the whole business.*

You may not understand this joke if you don't read the *Village Voice*, which I would have recommended you do a decade ago, and don't now. But it's really about the narcissism of journalists who believe that they are the story and not what they write about. Some say it all began with Woodstein, which is why Americans now believe that Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman (with their one other silent partner) drove Richard Nixon out of the White House. In any case, journalists like to write about nothing more than they like to write about journalists. That's the reason hirings and firings and other goings-on among press people you don't know get so much media attention. Then there are the articles that get printed, and which, having been printed, get people angry. During the last few weeks there's been a furor, surely not among the *demos*, but among other journalists, about an article that didn't get printed here. You may have read about the mild disturbances at these offices when I refused to publish a piece purporting to explain Teddy Kennedy's sex life. If you don't live in Washington or don't avail yourself of the *New York Post*'s smut feature, Page Six, you had to wait to read about it in *Time* magazine. Yes, Mike Kinsley walked out in a huff. But by the time *Time* appeared in your mailbox (ok, I know most of our readers read *Time* at the dentist's) Mike was on his way back to the office. That's what I told the plucky *Time* reporter was likely to happen. But he couldn't give up his scoop, which was already obsolete before he started thinking about what he might write for the next week. In any case, Mike told the *New York Times* that he wouldn't have come back to *TNR* unless he was allowed to state his "position on the killing of the Kennedy article." He said, according to the *Times*, that his piece would "probably be childish and self-indulgent." Mike does not like to disappoint our readers; his piece was childish and self-indulgent. He communicated in round-about ways some of what was in the forbidden text. But he didn't really say why it was important. His article also had a lot to say about . . . other journalists. The first part of Susannah Lessard's piece, I'll confide to you (especially since another sheet has rescued the entire article from oblivion), is about a journalist: Susannah Lessard. It began more or less like this: Dare I write about Kennedy's sex life? Dare I not? She decided to dare in the affirmative. The problem with that piece, and most of the others that have appeared in recent weeks about the no-longer taboo subject, is that very few people really know much about Ted's sex life. What's happened is that there is so much accumulated rumor around that people can't bear to think that what they've been gossiping about all these years might just not be true. What's suspected about what Ted does or did at night is not substantial enough to carry the theories of personality and estimates of characters that journalists have been so free in constructing. I happen not to care about what Ted does on his own time. I care plenty, pro and con, what he does on the public's time, and how he does it. I wish *he* would stop talking about his private life, about his wife and children, too, and maybe we'd all stop prying as well. End of story.

"Round up the usual suspects," Claude Rains instructed his gendarmes at the end of *Casablanca*. That's exactly what Steve Smith has done in assembling what already seems a slightly muscle-bound staff for the presidential campaign of his brother-in-law. There are present some veterans of Camelot, and from Bobby Kennedy's campaign too. These are the folk who've gotten attention in the big glossies. I haven't made a scientific count but my impression is that most of the really operative operatives come, however, from the peace and civil rights movements of the 1960s. They're disheartened by Kennedy's campaign performance thus far. Thus far? Not a very long time, three weeks. But it's not been what they expected: not the beginning of a certain march to victory. For the moment, then, ambition will not provide much enthusiasm. It will be a sense of duty—that which brought them together again in the first place—that keeps them going. Maybe it's good that they have so few illusions about what Kennedy himself might accomplish in power. As one of his captains said, "At least he hires well." But there is a sense, a smell of defeat, which tells them that if they have such sparse expectations now, perhaps Kennedy's more passive supporters around the country will not be able to sustain those exaggerated expectations that are needed to fuel any campaign by any Kennedy.

Many of the Kennedy staffers were in town last week, not on campaign business, but for a wedding. We do not usually traffic in social news in this column so I hope I'll be forgiven if I note that it was the marriage of Sam Brown and Alison Teal, who met in the snows of New Hampshire in 1968, at the start of another presidential campaign; the bride a convert to Gene McCarthy from George Romney's aborted effort. Sam, who now runs ACTION, was chief kid in the McCarthy campaign and ran the 1969 Moratorium. Gathered there was not only the infrastructure of the Kennedy campaign. Present in abundance were others who'd grown up in the Democratic party's insurrectionist left (and further left too) who now, like the newlyweds, make their lives and livings in and around the Carter administration. These movement types have zero illusions about the president: they don't know to what he is loyal. Who does? Of course they have jobs. But even achieved ambition is not enough. These folks, too, now on the other side of the campaign trail from Kennedy's troops, are there out of a sense of duty. (Only Jerry Brown's people had a glint in the eye: they were still on the margin, articulating unacceptable thoughts.) It was a mellow gathering. No such gathering was imaginable among contending partisans in the Democratic party 10 or 12 years ago. There'd be too much rancor that not even drink could dissolve. Now there is good feeling. The differences seem to matter less. So what's the duty or the sense of obligation that sets them apart politically now? Not one of them I spoke with could quite say. They were there, of course, primarily to participate in a rite of joy, but ready to take their positions, like the last guards at Thermopylae. But no one knew what Thermopylae protected or what it stood for.

M.P.

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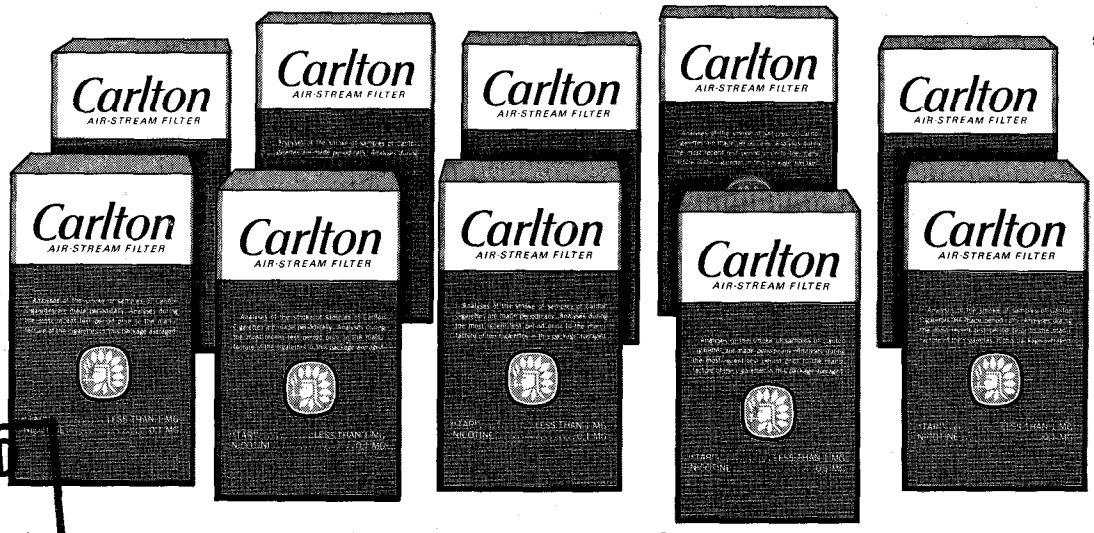

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